

WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT

BV
3269
.1465
43
1950

INDIA

WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT

BY

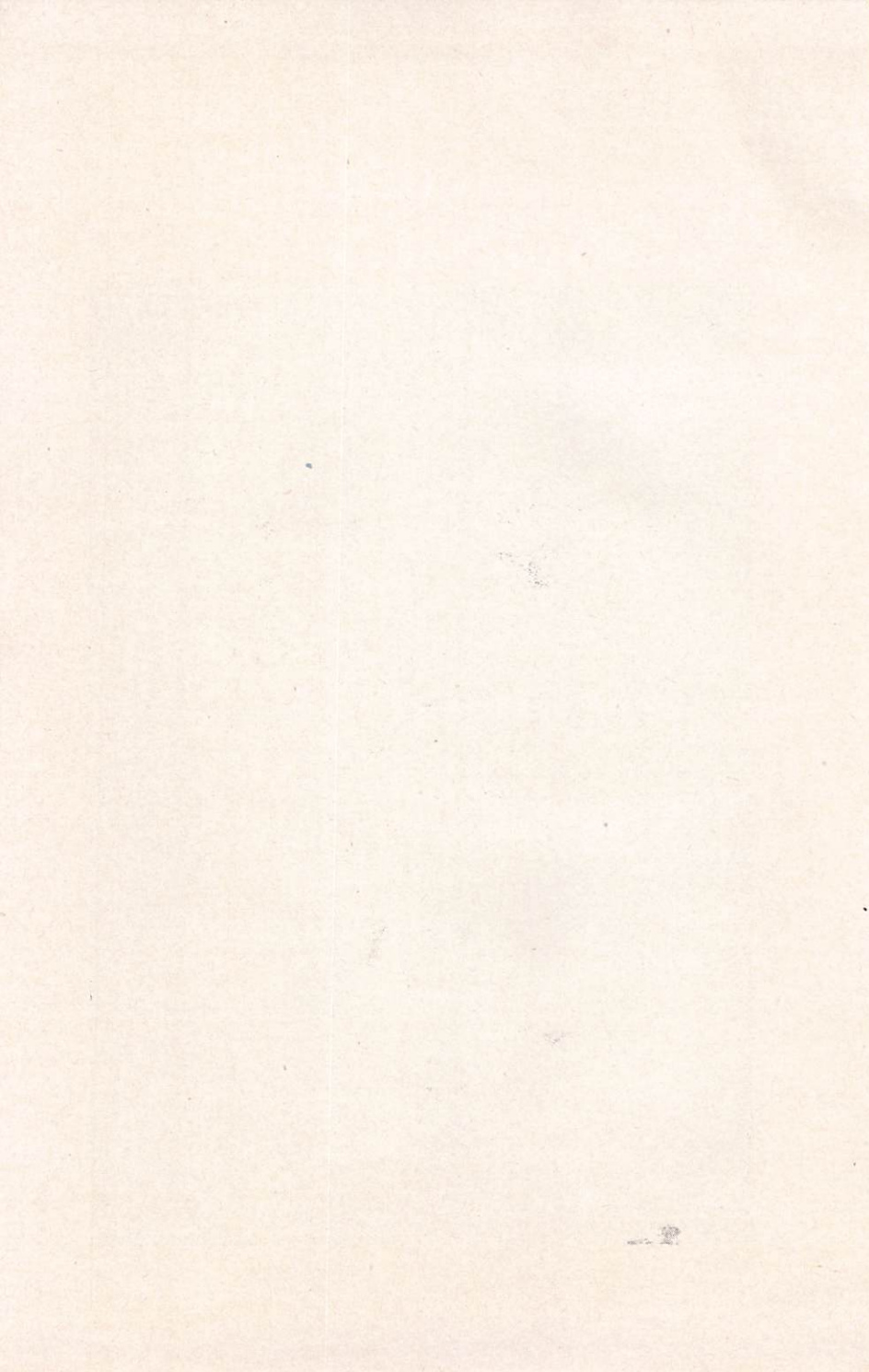
SARAH C. HOLMAN

THE BOOK ROOM
120 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON 8, MASS.

Copyright 1950
By Sarah C. Holman

Theology Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

Printed in the United States of America





Left—The Author

Right—Sister Elizabeth

Center—Sister Charlotte

DEDICATION

This book is written at the urgent request of my late sister, Elizabeth, and my nieces, who have asked me to write my experiences for the coming generations, and is dedicated to the memory of my dear sister, Charlotte, who was my life-long companion, and sometimes co-worker.

Charlotte was a great inspiration to me, and it was while listening to one of her addresses that I received my call to go to India. Soon after that, while deep in prayer with Charlotte and Elizabeth, I made my decision.

This, then, is my story as well as the story of Holman Institute. I therefore ask your indulgence for the frequent use of the perpendicular pronoun and personal references.

SARAH C. HOLMAN

135 Winthrop Road
Brookline, Mass.

The following poem was written by a Moslem—
a non-Christian.

Miss Holman's work for Christian creed
Is marvelously great indeed.
Her school a source of mercy is,
'Tis full of love and joy and bliss.
Come here, come here, ye children poor,
With faith light up your lives obscure.

Come here, and learn sweet Christian love,
And grow in wisdom more and more.
For you Miss Holman's love is great;
You seem her own dear children pet.
She loves you for her God's own love;
He is upon His throne above.

FOREWORD

"I have known and worked with Miss Sarah C. Holman for twenty-five years, and consider her one of the church's greatest missionaries. I say this without any reservation."

BISHOP FRANCIS WARNE

"Her work is a truly marvelous one, and I wish to commend it most heartily to anyone interested in missions."

"This school is doing the work by giving them a Saviour Whom they can enthrone in their hearts, and serve with their lives. All honor to the Holman Institute for the unique and wonderful work it is doing."

BISHOP J. W. ROBINSON

"On April 19, 1934, I visited the Holman Institute, and I was more than amazed at the work of the school. I have been in educational work in America for more than twenty years, the last eight of which have been in New York City, and to see the splendid work being done by Miss Holman among a backward people convinced me of the worthwhileness of the work she is doing. Her educational approach is both logical and psychological. The school is advancing along the best and most modern pedagogic lines. Her teachers are able, and pupil participation is the best feature of most of the classes."

MRS. BERRY SCHILLING

A.B. Hunter College

A.M. Columbia College

Ph.D. Fordham University



The Methodist Church in Agra

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

<i>The Three Sisters</i>	Opposite page	5
<i>Methodist Church</i>	“ “	9
<i>Living Room in Agra</i>	“ “	17
<i>The Principal and Some of the First Teachers</i>	“ “	25
<i>Three Views of the First School Building</i>	“ “	33
<i>Where Rug Making was First Started</i>	“ “	41
<i>Leaving for the Evening Work</i>	“ “	65
<i>Miss Dhar and School Children</i>	“ “	81

INDIA

WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT

THE CALL

I had already had my call for Christian work, and had been trained in Northfield Seminary and the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, and had had three and a half years of unusual experience as pastor's assistant in a church in Pennsylvania, when the call to India came.

"Where there is no vision the people perish." (Prov. 29:18) When I was on the threshold of young womanhood, and greatly perplexed as to what course I should take, I had a dream. I saw a great field of wheat to be harvested, and many laborers working there, but in one large corner there was no one working. I asked the Master of the harvest why this beautiful golden grain was left standing, with no one working there. He said, "That is your corner." "Oh, this is more than all the others put together. If I do not do it, surely someone else will." "No", He replied, "There is no one else to do it." "Do not depend on me," I pleaded, "Do send someone else; I could never do all that." "There is no one else. If you do not do it, it will all be wasted." In my dream night came, and the gatekeeper told me I must go. "Oh," I said, "Look how little I have

done!" "It cannot be helped. It is night and you must go." He laid his strong hand upon my arm and led me out of the gate. I awoke very troubled, and the impression was that this great field of wheat meant souls that the Master expected me to gather in.

In 1906, my first year in India, I was appointed to Agra. While visiting the mohallas with my sister Charlotte, I realized how great the opportunities were for me. There were thousands of little children whose future would be made or marred by what was done for them now.

One day the other three missionaries had gone out into the villages and I was left alone to carry on the work at the mission. One of my duties was to take charge of the English prayer meeting, which was held about five o'clock. I do not know why, but for some reason no one came to the meeting. The evening sun was flooding the beautiful little church. I felt the Presence of the Son of Righteousness, and I said, "Dear Lord, You are here and I am here, and there will be a prayer meeting." I knelt in one of the front seats and spent the hour in prayer, pouring out my soul to God that this spot in Agra—this beautiful little Methodist church—might be a beacon light to Agra, and that the doors might not be closed; that the work might grow to the praise of His Glory, not only to Agra, but to all the world.

After I had served two terms in the stations of Ajmere and Aligarh I was called back to Agra. As I look back over the years, I am amazed at the marvelous answer to that prayer. For, in 1923, I was

appointed to go back to Agra by Bishop Warne to do evangelistic work in the district and city, and also to build a school. Three days after my return to Agra, while walking from the church up the beautiful driveway to the bungalow, the air scented with roses and flowering shrubs, the Spirit spoke to me: "Do you remember your prayer in the church?" "Yes, Lord, I do." "I have brought you back to Agra to answer your own prayer. Go to work." That command kept me going when things looked impossible, and the enemy fought hard against the school. "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." (Isa. 59:19)

DIFFICULTIES

Since I was the sole Methodist missionary appointed to Agra, the district work was also my responsibility. It was necessary to begin on the village work first because of the approaching hot weather. I visited all the circuit centers where we had workers, and was amazed when I saw the great harvest ready for the in-gathering, and so few laborers. There were two circuits without a single worker—not a Bible teacher even, and all the help they had was when the District Superintendent or the Evangelist, with a small band of helpers, came to hold meetings. There was one circuit where the pastor lived, almost within the shadow of the in-

imitable Taj Mahal. There were fifteen mohallas in the village where he lived, and about thirty other villages where we had Christians. There were sixty villages, in all, where that preacher should work. He had no helper, with the exception of his wife, who had been ill for a year.

After our tours in the villages, we took up evangelistic work in the city, using the magic lantern with pictures of the Life of Christ.

Very soon after I had reached India, in a conversation with a lovely, devout, experienced missionary of another denomination, she said to me, "We work only among the higher castes. We have no work among the outcasts. If we did we could never go into the homes of the higher castes." This was a great shock to me. Did God not send His Son to die for all!

God sometimes works slowly. He has patience with His people. It was seventeen years before my heart's desire was fulfilled in seeing a school opened for these depressed children. God gave me years in school and district experience with all classes before He called me back to be the founder of Holman Institute. If it had not been for the tremendous work done in the city with the lantern slides on the Life of Christ, with the help of Mrs. Donne and Mrs. Noble and their wonderful prayer life, this might not have been accomplished.

The District Superintendent, Dr. Clancy, seeing the pitiful group of undernourished children that I had gathered together, said to me, "Do you think you will ever get a school out of that?" I replied,

"Yes, I do." (Some of the tots were in their birthday suits and objected with tears when clothes had to be put on.) Dr. and Mrs. Clancy leaned back in their chairs and roared with laughter. "Miss Holman, when you get a school out of that we will all take off our hats to you." I answered, "You will take off your hats, then, for I have been appointed to a school and I WILL have a school!"

However, we did not say that we had a school until 1926. We might have accomplished it earlier if there had been more money for teachers' salaries, and if we could have concentrated on the school alone, but a great deal of work had to be done in the district and the city. We started with the large sum of twelve Rupees and eight Annas (\$4.00) a month. Just the salary of one Bible woman. There was other money for evangelical work, of course, but this was especially for the school. Many letters were written, and in answer to prayer, money came in as it was needed. No money came directly from the mission. Mrs. Wilbur, for instance, gave the first money for my assistant, Mrs. Noble, and Dr. and Mrs. Fisk had a great part in the work. Later other friends in England helped out the work. Eventually the government gave us a grant-in-aid, although this carried with it certain restrictions and I was, therefore, loath to accept it.

There were many other difficulties, but we did not choose this work because it was an easy task. We chose it because these were the most neglected people of all India. In fact, this is one of the most difficult phases of missionary work. In the first

place, not many of the parents of these children were educated, and they did not appreciate the value of an education for their children. The poverty of the people almost compelled them to put their children out to work as soon as they could earn a dollar a month, or even less. At first it was difficult to get the children to come to school, and more difficult to keep them in school after they were able to earn anything toward supplementing the family budget. They were even hired out to tennis clubs to retrieve balls. Then, too, many of the children had to stay home to take care of smaller brothers and sisters while their mothers and fathers were out earning a daily wage. To cope with the last situation we tried to open a day school nursery to take care of the little ones while the older children were in their classes. One little girl about eight years old, who was very keen on trying to get an education, used to bring two baby brothers and one sister with her; a baby in her arms, another wee one clinging to her skirts, and a third who was put in the kindergarten. This was most difficult for the poor child, especially when she tried to do her work at the blackboard. She was a very pretty girl, and her parents married her very young, before she had acquired much of an education. She said one day, when she was a little bride, that her in-laws had asked her a good many questions which she couldn't answer. "What good is there in going to school?" they asked. Her answer was, "If I can't answer the questions, at least I know that I am saved." Then she sang them a hymn.



The Author in her living room in Agra

Another difficulty we had to overcome was the problem of irregular attendance, especially after we got government support, since any child absent for ten days had to be dropped from the rolls. Epidemic diseases such as malaria hindered our work, and epidemics of smallpox and cholera often disrupted it completely. Smallpox was a terrible enemy at one time, until we had educated the children and the parents to the value of vaccination. The time came when the children themselves would report cases of smallpox so that we might send to their mohallas and have the people vaccinated. The government provided free vaccine and the men to administer it. The many festivals of India, along with the proverbial weddings, also hindered regular attendance.

There were difficulties of another order. At first we could not attract a sufficient number of teachers. I started out with two, who lived with me in my bungalow, sharing the roof bedroom with me in warm weather, and the three of us slept in the same small bedroom in the cold weather.

This was by no means our only housing difficulty. When I first returned to Agra, the bungalow and the church were in disrepair; classes were held under the trees and on the veranda of the bungalow. But things soon began to shape themselves. One of the first things toward building up a school was to build up a compound. A brick wall was put up to protect the property and to secure privacy. The grounds had been disfigured by people making short-cuts at this point where five roads meet. New iron gates were hung. Drains were made to take care of

the damages in the rainy season. In the center of the compound an old swamp was cleared of brush and filled in. It took two months of steady carting to do this—from fifty to one hundred cartloads a day. Old buildings were pulled down and new ones put up. At the back a new space was prepared for the playground and a piece of land was added to the compound to exclude undesirable buildings.

Shortly after this Bishop Fisher turned over to us the building in an adjacent compound which had been used as a dormitory for the Christian students at the medical college for women. At last we had our teachers' residence—and another veranda on which to hold classes!

AGRA

Since Agra will be referred to in these pages, it may be well to mention some interesting facts in connection with this famous city. Agra is known throughout the world as the city of the Taj Mahal. It is the oldest city in India.

Agra has two histories—an ancient history that dates back two thousand years or more, B.C., of which there is nothing left but the traces of foundations. The second history concerns the modern city of Agra. It was founded by Akbar in 1558 A.D., and chosen as his capital in the early days of his reign. There was little historical value until the

sixteenth century—just the old, old story of siege and capture between Hindus and Mohammedans.

The modern Agra is situated one hundred and twenty miles to the S.S.E. of Delhi, and has a population of about 200,000. It is now a busy railway and commercial center, with woolen and cotton mills, gins and presses, flour mills, tanneries and splendid carpet industries. Among the notable industries are those of stone-cutting, inlaid work, and embroidery in satin, silk and velvet.

Agra is a city constructed mostly of stone, paved and clean, and has a water supply which is regularly tested. Several beautiful churches serve a large Christian community, including Methodist, Church of England, Baptist and Roman Catholic.

It is also an educational center. There are many high schools and several colleges. It is the seat of a university, and there are several government schools for girls, as well as some government-aided schools. Separate colleges of medicine for men and women have been established.

HOW DID WE DO IT?

Though there were government schools and the Methodist church had worked in Agra for sixty years, there was no central school for the depressed classes. For this great need God called me back to Agra, after working in other parts of India for seventeen years.

In the twenty years before I came to Agra my sister had founded mohalla classes. I founded the first central school. Many persons, both in India and America, have asked how the school was started. One missionary in India said, "How did you do it? I can't get the people of one mohalla to come to another to have a meeting. Do you expect them to come to school from all these mohallas? It can't be done."

Our start was already made by Miss Farmer, my predecessor, who had influenced children to come to the mission compound. Then God gave me dear Mrs. Noble, a young widow, who walked with God. The beauty of Jesus was reflected in her face, and she was beloved by all. We spent many nights in prayer together until after midnight. Then God sent another devoted Christian woman, Mrs. Donne, who was the widow of a colonel in India, and who had spent twelve years in work for the Soldiers' Home. She was a master hand with the Magic Lantern, and showed many pictures of the Life of Christ. She assumed all responsibility and care for the lantern and slides.

I gave most of the talks. With the teachers and two helpers we prayed every morning before we went out and every evening while the stories of the Life of Christ were being told. The pastor of the church sometimes went with us, especially when there were groups ready for baptism. Sometimes our meetings were so large that we could run two meetings at the same time. While the pastor and some of the teachers were talking or telling the

stories that were on the screen at the front of the picture, the missionary talked to a group on the other side, because the audiences were sometimes too large for all to hear. I remember how some men were very much touched when seeing the scourging of Jesus on the screen. They groaned, saying, "Oh! Oh! They tied His hands! They tied His hands!" Some wept, and sometimes it seemed as though the glory of the Lord over-shadowed the pictures, especially one night after the resurrection scene. Jesus looked so glorious after he talked with the men going to Emmaus that people were amazed. Non-Christians of high caste begged to have the pictures shown in their mohallas.

I am very glad that there are some of our first boys who remember the early days when we worked in the mohallas to create interest in the parents, and encourage the children to come to school. I never worked so hard, and never was so happy in all my life, as in those long days when five o'clock in the morning found us with Bible in hand ready to begin the day first of all with God and His Word. The field was large and ready for harvest, but the workers were few. Nevertheless, the children soon began to help. They very quickly learned to sing the Bhajans and Gospel songs. Shortly after the school was started, Bishop Robinson paid us a visit, and the teachers arranged a program, to be given in the church by the mohalla girls. We were amazed at the marvelous performance the girls gave on such short notice, and it gave us a thrill we shall never forget. One number

on the program was sung in English. The choir in the front of the church sang, "If you have a kindness shown . . .," and then a group from the back of the church would sound sweetly forth, ". . . pass it on. It was not given for you alone. Pass it on . . ." This same spirit continues throughout the mohallas to this day. We met again with teachers at six o'clock, and went over the Bible lesson for the day in the school, and often for the mohalla meetings in the evenings.

The children came at all hours through the day, and only by gentleness and love and prayer did we keep them. I remember one guest who was thrilled with the work, and yet in speaking to the children said "If I were your superintendent I would get a cane and beat you and beat you if you did not come on time." Well, if we had done this we would never have seen them again.

It was impossible to have organized classes at first, for the little ones would not leave their older sisters, but we patiently persevered.

After the school had quite a start it was still difficult to keep regular attendance and to make some of the parents really see the need and worthwhileness of education. Another way we tried to attract them was to have a few younger girls read some interesting stories in the mohallas, but of course they were well-coached beforehand. It was a great surprise to the people to see these girls reading. Some of the young men in the audience demanded a teacher for adult education, and were bitterly disappointed when I told them I did not have a teacher

for them. We were driven to our knees for teachers and money.

In one very backward mohalla the mothers said that the children were too young to go to school, and wouldn't learn anything. Then we tried this plan. We took our finest class of kindergarten children to this particular district and had them perform with the children in the mohalla. At first the mothers did not pay any attention to them at all, but later when their own children were taking part they left their cooking and stood around in amazement. Remarks passed back and forth among the mothers, such as, "She never told me she knew that . . .". "I never knew she could read or sing like that . . ." This was a great help, because, of course, they wanted their children to do what the others could do. We were very careful to bring the children who were neat and clean. This plan had greater effect than a dozen teachers begging the mothers to let their children come to school.

In the beginning many of the teachers went out on the bus and had to wake up the children and get them dressed. We had a tank built on the compound to give them a bath. The teachers were wonderful about helping some of their scholars get washed and their hair combed. We gave away many combs, clothing, and lovely little American dresses which had been sent to us from friends in America.

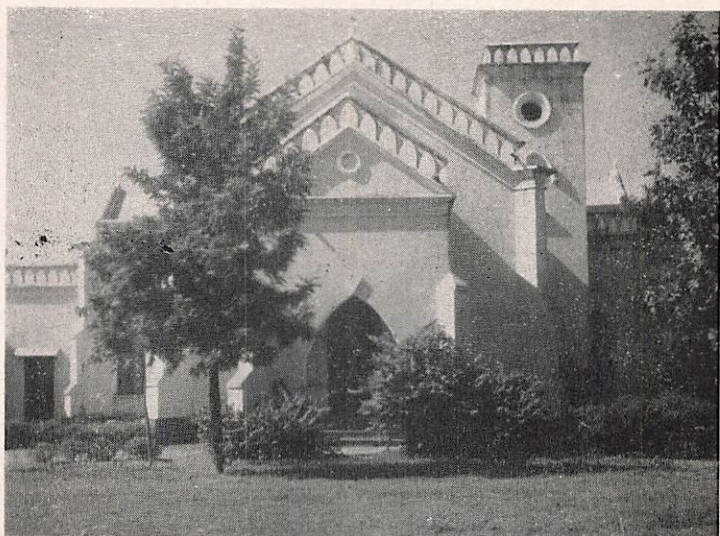
The Director of Public Instruction, a large, dignified Scotchman, when viewing a classroom of newcomers, exclaimed, "Dirty little devils!" I replied

indignantly, "They're NOT dirty little devils! They're darlings!"

It was not long before the children came to school neat and clean, of their own accord. Of course there were those who wanted to study, and came to school clean and neat from the beginning. We were very particular about their manners, and it became known that the Holman Institute children could be easily picked out because of their good behavior and happy faces. Every morning the children would greet us with, "Good Morning," and even when they saw us on the street in the mohallas after dark it would be the same greeting, "Good Morning". We were very proud of them, for they were handsome children.

Dr. R. D. Wellons, principal of Reid Christian College in Lucknow, India, wrote in the guest book, "We enjoyed the privilege of seeing Miss Holman's school this morning. It is one of the best evidences of the fact that much may be expected from the education of the sweeper class. The cleanliness, orderliness and general tone of "aliveness" in the school is indicative of the growth going on in it. I wish it were possible for all the Teachers' Training Students to catch some of the spirit which prevails in this school."

We often went out in the early morning to gather the children. I have gone out with the old Ford car and brought as many as nineteen children in one load. One on my knee, one between me and the driver, one sitting on the back of the seat, two at my feet, and the others in the back of the car. Crowded?



Top—Front View of Church
Bottom—The Principal and Some of the First Teachers

Yes. We were so happy when we got our first bus, and how we took care of it! The drivers jacked up the cars and buses every night to save the tires. What laughs we have had over that, but I guess it helped, for the driver of the first bus said that one tire was ten years old before it was changed.

There was never, in my time, any insurance on any of our buses or cars. I employed Christian drivers and told them that the cars were insured in heaven, and that they were not to put their hands on the wheels without prayer. We never had an accident.

It was a day of great rejoicing to the founder of Holman Institute in later years, when the boys began to come to school on bicycles.

Before our classes reached the higher grades we had to send them to other schools. Sometimes a boy would come in before taking an examination to ask for prayer.

Bishop Warne said, when he was visiting the school in the early days, "This school must endure, for it is built on prayer." Yes, built on the Solid Rock. Our school song is, "On Christ the Solid Rock I stand. All other ground is sinking sand."

We had some practical work included in our examination, and every child, who was able, had to teach something, either a Bible story, a verse, a prayer, or a song. We followed up this work and went to the homes to see how much they had taught. Some small boys taught their mothers, others had quite a large class. It was really a joy to see how much their pupils did know. For example, one boy,

by teaching Saturdays, won a whole mohalla to Christ and had them ready for baptism. He did this at the age of fourteen.

So many people underestimate how much small children can understand about spiritual things, but the Spirit Himself is a wonderful Teacher. At mid-day devotions a very clear teaching on the plan of salvation was given to the children, after which an altar call was given. Many children came forward and with them a little six year old girl came, running and laughing. The leader said, "I am afraid she does not understand that this is very important." The little face was saddened when she heard this remark, and she said to her teacher afterwards, "Miss Sahiba thought I did not understand; she does not know that we little girls have a prayer meeting of our own every afternoon in our mohalla."

When the school was advanced so that we did have organized classes, we had some rivalry. The teachers made a school flag. Every class that had each pupil present on time got the flag for the day, and of course, when the school met in the assembly hall at noon for worship the class that held the flag got great applause. Sometimes one of the upper classes would hold the flag for a whole week. That meant the children were ready when the bus came, and if they were not their class fellows got after them. They had to be on time, and they loved it. Sometimes a boy would be missing, and if he lived near the school one of the boys would run to his house to bring him in haste before the next bus came in.

"How did we do it?" We had a "push-up" teacher. If a boy was unusually smart we gave him an extra teacher to push him on faster and get him into a higher class, for a smart child will sometimes hold a class back more than a dull scholar. A few boys made three and four classes in one year. We did the same with a backward child, and found this personal attention did wonders for them. Sometimes it was lack of proper nourishment, eye trouble, ill health; special attention did wonders for these children. Another plan that helped was to have the pupils of the class who knew their lesson perfectly help those who were having difficulty. There was always applause or praise for the ones who got their lesson first.

The Inspector and Director of Public Instruction visited the school, and they were amazed to see how well these children could read and pronounce English. Once the Director said, of a fourth class, "Why, I have had many holding degrees who could not speak English like that."

"How did we do it?" We began in kindergarten to teach songs in English, and to show pictures of animals with the names in Urdu on one side, and in English on the other side. We had an excellent kindergarten teacher, and many rather difficult things were taught in play. The children loved it. They learned the English alphabet in a very short time because the teacher arranged it to music. They even learned the names of the twelve apostles in a little play. When the little children began to learn English they thought it was great fun. We taught

them the meaning of every word in an interesting little story, and after they knew every word and meaning we gave them the book and told them to read the story. One little girl began to read, at first, just words, and then the meanings, but soon she realized that she was reading a story, and she fairly danced in her shoes. She was overjoyed that she could read and understand English. The whole class read the story and enjoyed it.

Our boys could get better jobs if they knew English. One very clever little fellow got a job in a carriage builder's shop to paint in English the numbers on the tongas. He earned his money on Saturdays and after school. This inspired other boys to work hard as they came to know that it was a benefit to be able to read or write. One older boy was eager to learn English. We asked why he worked so hard on the English, rather than just concentrating on his own language, and he said, "Because we want to know what they are saying about us in court when we are called for false causes by our enemies."

One boy had a mathematical mind, and when he was in the eighth class we made him a pupil-teacher in this subject. He was a great success and made enough money to support himself, which was so much more desirable than scavenger's work.

Thus it came about that the need for a central school was filled by the Spirit of the Lord working through the power of prayer and the co-operation of students and teachers.

In missionary work it is not enough to minister

to the spirit. The following description, written by an American visitor, will demonstrate this fact:

"This morning we watched the children in school, two hundred or more of them, in assembly. When one gets used to the clothes, the dark little faces, and an occasional nose ring, they do not look greatly different from the school children at home. They recite perfectly, without embarrassment, read in their own language and in English at sight, and sing hymns in Urdu with great vigour. They also sing hymns in English, and they pop up, one after another, like little Jacks-in-the-box, to give their favorite Bible verses.

"Afterwards we visited the village where they came from. When one has seen this, one no longer thinks of them as no different from children at home. Oceans and centuries divide them from our youngsters, who, even in most terrible poverty, know nothing like this. Their houses are of mud, their roofs of straw, their playground a street five feet wide, down the center of which runs an open sewer. The refuse of the household, the excrement of human beings, and the droppings of pigs, goats, and cows, fill the streets, through which the children go barefoot, with imitation silver bracelets about their ankles.

"Down such a street as this we picked our way with Miss Holman, the principal of the school. The children all knew her, and so did their mothers, for it took many visits on her part before the parents could be persuaded to send their children to the Christian mission. This was the first time in India

that we have seen children and adults paying homage to a white person for love, and not for bak-sheesh. They crowed around us, greeting Miss Holman affectionately, and smiling at us with their perfect, wide smiles, as they took in all the foreignness of our clothes and manners."

This was the worst place in all our mohallas, and a group of the men asked us to intercede with the municipality to have their little narrow street paved. We prayed that evening that this might be done. After some time, and much pestering of city authorities (for we must do our part in getting prayers answered) we took some guests down this same, now beautifully paved street, and our finely surpliced choir held a meeting and sang hymns on the very spot where we had asked God to have the street paved. We gave thanks and praise in song and testimony for answered prayer.

It was natural that such surroundings as these should foster disease. One time a family hid their little baby and would not have it vaccinated. This little one was the only one in the family who contracted smallpox, and died. This incident was a warning to other families. Before we got this system thoroughly organized, we often had to keep a whole mohalla of children out of school. One little girl wept copiously on being sent home from school because of smallpox. Some one tried to comfort her, telling her that she would get well, but she sobbed out, "I am not crying about that, but how can I get on with my lessons if I am not allowed to stay in school?"

Our campaign against disease had a more positive side in the hygiene program conducted by Mrs. Donne. The children were taught the elements of cleanliness in school. When first they came, dirty and unkempt, the teachers made no comment, but after a few days the other children inspired them to cleanliness. Then the teachers provided soap, a tank in the courtyard, fine combs and an example on how to use these things by the actual tubbing and combing of the children. This direct effort was accompanied by slides in the magic lantern and talks on the causes and prevention of disease. The children were not expected to reform their communities, and of course, they were not expected to stay clean, coming from dirty homes. The magic lantern did its work in the village, also, not only providing a spiritual message, but carrying a message of health as well.

Knowledge of proper diet, also, had to be taught. With great interest I had watched the care of a little child, while I was visiting in the home of a niece who was caring for her fifteen-months-old granddaughter. The baby was a delight and a joy. I also noted the care with which she prepared the food, and how regularly, to the minute, the child was fed. The baby was healthy, and of a sweet disposition.

My thoughts turned to conversation with another grandmother, of a different color and race, who was caring for her grandchildren.

"Tell me, how do you feed your English babies? What kind of food do you give them? I will buy it;

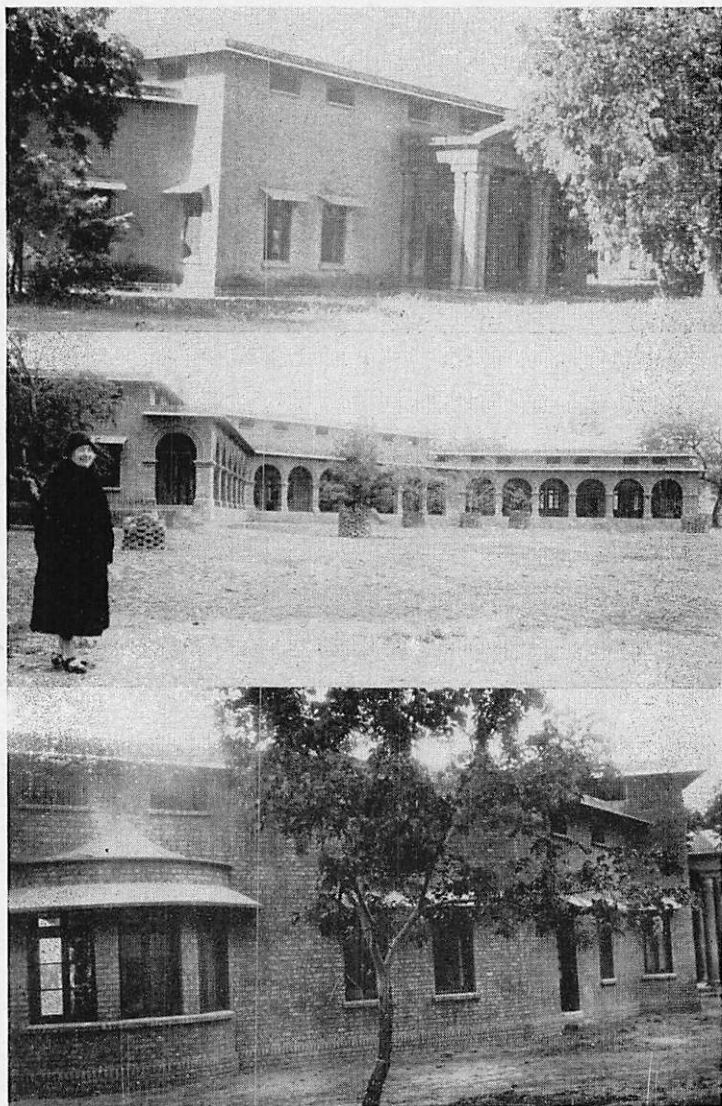
only tell me what to buy. We have lost five babies, and we are most anxious to save this one." I can see now that little brown face as she wiped away the tears while she talked with me. We dissuaded her from feeding the child an adult diet, and helped her to get the proper food, thus saving the baby.

Then, too, I am thinking of another group of little children with brown faces, very dear to my heart. They came to the Holman Institute, many of them without any breakfast. These little ones were weak and tired and hungry. We started giving them a cup of milk at recess each day. What a difference we saw in their faces and in their school work and dispositions. After their cup of milk they went back to their class rooms and had a half hour's rest on their small mats. They woke up cheerful and bright and went to work like little beavers. We saw a great improvement in their work.

Ah, but a day came when we felt we had to cut the milk out because of a lack of funds. The older children understood that no milk would be served at recess, but the little ones, for three successive days, stood in line waiting for their milk. They could not believe that it had stopped. On the third day I saw about thirty little tots running back to their classrooms at the sound of the bell, crying aloud with disappointment and hunger.

I started a Milk Fund after I returned to America, which I hoped would take care of this bit of child welfare. We have a few people interested in this, but the demand is not met.

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these



Three Views of the School

Top—The Entrance Middle—Back View
 Bottom—Part of Front View

little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." (Matt. 10:42)

How did we do it? We had a very clever nurse who had come to a mission boarding school at the age of five. She was brought up and educated in the mission, and received her nurse's training in both mission and government schools. She worked with me for twelve years, and loved the poor, giving herself freely to the work in kindness and loving Christian service.

We had a large dispensary, and did a great deal for the children in taking care of their health. The nurse took special notice of their eyes and throats, and gave simple remedies for minor ailments.

We made up an excellent formula for a salve, which worked wonders with the sores which the children had during the rainy season. Sometimes as many as two hundred would be treated in a day. A guest from America who was spending a few days with me, came to me one morning and said, "Do you know that you have a very sick baby in the compound, who has been crying for three nights?" I had not know of this, but called the nurse and asked her if she was doing anything for the child. She replied, "No, Miss Sahiba, I am not. I was trying to help, but they are taking her to the fake doctors and the parents are not following my instructions. I gave up the case, as they will blame me if the child becomes worse."

I called a very clever Bible woman who had been dispensing simple remedies to the villagers, and

asked her to help me do something for this baby. The child was suffering from a very painful skin condition, and we concocted a prescription from our own dispensary. We made a large bowl full of this salve, bowing our heads over the mixture and asking the Lord to use it. It worked like magic, and healed everything it touched. The children took some home to their friends and families, and in three days some very dreadful sores were healed.

Our nurse was not only proficient in her line, but was a splendid disciplinarian. She taught the first class for several years, and her pupils were outstanding. As an instance of this, I recall a faquir who brought his boy to the school for admittance. The evil character of this non-Christian child was so plainly evident in his face that I was afraid to enroll him in the school, feeling that his influence on the other children would not be good. The nurse, however, pleaded for him. "Oh, let me have him," she said, "I will see that he doesn't harm the others. Just let me work with him." I gave my consent, and in three months he was born again. It was hard to realize that he was the same boy who had been brought to the school. Very few pupils left the nurse's class without coming to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In addition to all this, the nurse had a beautiful voice, and taught the singing classes. She trained the school choir, which sang in the church. She herself sang beautiful solos from "Elijah" and "The Messiah", which had been taught her by guests who stayed at the bungalow.

We asked God for school buildings. He said, "Let there be . . ." I was home on furlough and talking with one of my former classmates. Her husband was an architect—a specialist in schools. She said, "My husband will help you with that." He drew very elaborate plans, which would have cost us hundreds of dollars, and donated them. We had to choose from them according to our limited finances, which meant about one-half of what the plans called for.

The day we broke the sod was a joyful one. The District Superintendent, Mr. Scholberg, conducted a suitable service in the church, after which we all went to the building plot. Before turning the soil Mr. Scholberg asked the children, "What are all these bricks lying around here for?" "To build a school." "Whose school?" The answer came ringing back from more than two hundred voices. "OUR SCHOOL!" A wonderful light brightened those chocolate-colored faces because of the joy bursting from their hearts with the thought that they were going to have a school building and class rooms that they might call "OUR SCHOOL." As far as I know, to this day, this is the first and only school built especially for the depressed classes. Its location is suitable since it is within walking distance of eight hundred children.

FIRST UNIT

The day came when the first unit of one of the school buildings was realized, and we praised the Lord for the answered prayer. The assembly hall, 25 x 60, was arranged so that it might be converted into three large classrooms by means of folding doors. The veranda, 192 feet from end to end, is closed with expanded metal and is also used for classes. The building is so situated that in the early morning we get the breeze and no sun. In the cold season when school begins two or three hours later, we get the lovely warm sun, and always wonderful fresh air throughout the building. In addition to the assembly hall there are eleven rooms. These nice rooms, with good light and ventilation, mean everything to these children. They are now protected from burning heat, the pouring rain, and biting cold, as the seasons roll around.

This is a quotation, in part, from the government's chief inspectress: "The school building is one of the finest I have ever seen. It is airy and comfortable. If these children attending here were taught nothing in classes, they would still be imbibing a great deal of good just being present in such pleasant surroundings for several hours a day."

This first unit was dedicated December 14, 1933, by Bishop Robinson. The dedication service was a precious one. The first part of the program was presented by the school children. There were about three hundred who took part in the singing. They

sang the Christmas carols and other sacred songs, such as, "My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness," which is our school song. They recited in English and Urdu. There was no sign of depression about this group, and they certainly had initiative.

When the principal got up to give her report, at the close of the children's program, one small boy ran up on to the platform, of his own accord, and standing in front of her, sang one verse of "Joy to the World." He had been ill and could not attend the practice, and the singing teacher would not allow him to sing with the others, but he did know, "Joy to the World," and decided that he would not be left out. He was a handsome little tot, and had a lovely voice. The principal waited for him to finish, then laughingly made the remark that "one volunteer is worth two pressed men."

The date and the hour for the dedication were very inconvenient for the other schools outside of Agra. However, we were gratified to see in the audience representatives from all the mission colleges and schools, and the government schools at Agra. The speakers were Bishop Robinson, Mr. Sulley (the principal of St John's College), Dr. H. C. Scholberg, and the Rev. J. D. Davidason.

Though the second unit had to be finished by Miss Richards after we left India, we could truly say we had a school. This is not to say, of course, that our problems were ended. Some of these problems were, in a sense, trivial. For example, while we had a choir from the beginning, they had to sing in

all sorts of nondescript clothes. We overcame this by borrowing a surplice from the Church of England and having choir habits made on that pattern. Oftentimes the robes covered soiled and scanty clothing, but their voices were lovely, and their handsome little faces looked like the faces of angels.

In our school we had kindergarten and A and B classes. When the children were about eight years old and had read as far as Class I, many of them were taken out of school to go to work. We saw that we could never have a successful school unless we helped them in some way to earn their living. After considerable thought it was decided that the simplest and easiest work, other than sweeping and cleaning up around the compound, would be rug-making. We began by having the carpenter make small looms for door mats or chair rugs. An old building was repaired to take care of the materials and looms at night. The children worked outside during the day.

Near the mission there is a splendid rug factory. The proprietor and manager were exceedingly kind to us, and sold us our first wool very cheaply. He gave us about sixty kinds of odds and ends that had been left over from the rugs they were making. It was the finest English wool. The proprietor sold us a small rug for a pattern—sixteenth century—in which these small pieces of wool could be used very nicely. He gave us many pointers and instructions on the art of rug-making. When we finished a small rug we would take the instructor and the rug over to his office. He greatly assisted us by pointing out

their mistakes, and showing them where the work could have been improved. We finally reached perfection in that sixteenth century pattern, and when we took him a lovely rug, he laughingly said, "They've got it!" Then he thoughtfully added, "I think I'll use up my odds and ends myself," and that was the end of the cheap wool. He continued his kindness, and sold us all our wool at the regular price, and did our dyeing for us. One time the factory loaned us a very large, expensive rug which we put down in our spacious drawing room. After we got our large 9 x 12 looms we had the boys copy this rug, and from this pattern they made some of the most beautiful rugs I have ever seen. We could not pay the boys to come to school, so we introduced this method by which they could earn their way through school.

We also started dhurry-making (used for portieres or floor coverings), weaving, knitting, sewing and soap-making. These boys were very quick to pick up this work.

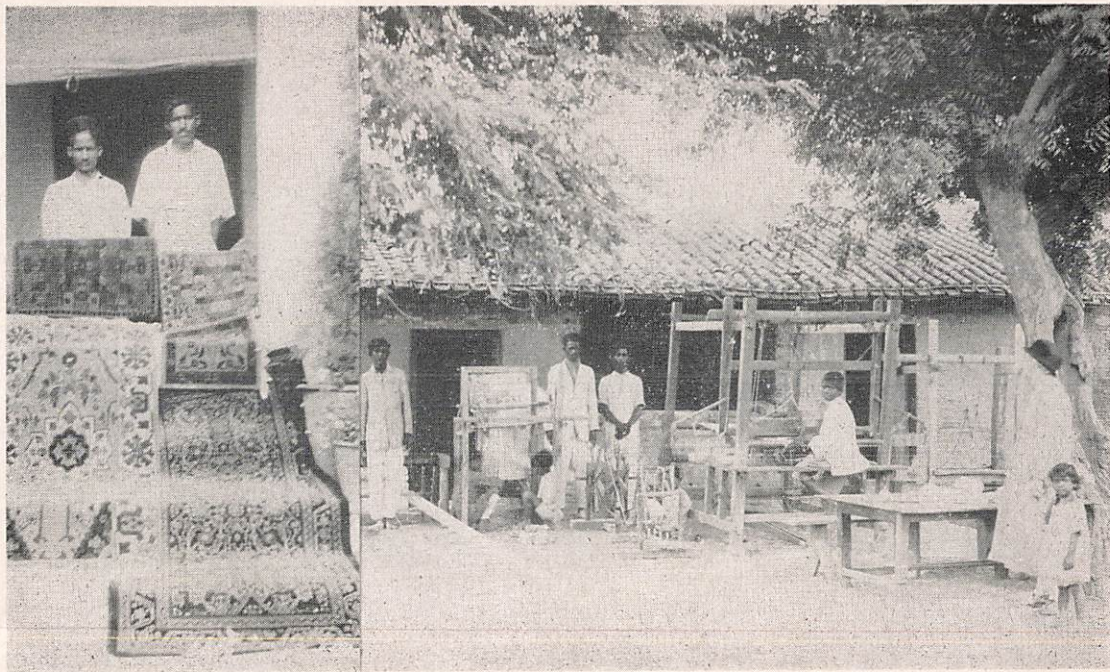
This program of economic help was doubly necessary since one of the requirements to be met in gaining government help was that we drop from our rolls any child who had been absent for ten days. If the students had not been able to earn an income from this work, they would have been obliged to stay out of school from time to time in order to earn money, or many would have been removed from the school altogether.

We had some academic problems in our relations with other government and mission schools. The

Holman Institute methods were unique in that the child was more important than the matter taught. A child's schooling was paced to his own capacities so that bright children did not hold back a class. This sometimes led to difficulties with other government and mission schools. Our pupils made so much progress and such a good impression in examinations that they were constantly in demand, and often other secondary schools took our boys before they had finished the eighth grade. While we didn't stand in the way of the boys going on to other secondary schools we sometimes felt that they weren't quite ready when their parents urged that they be sent. In one case a boy was far in advance of his age group in most subjects. The parents asked the headmaster of another school that he be transferred there. With the beginning of the new term he left Holman Institute as a student, but after his school hours he was often found on the veranda of the bungalow, telling me his troubles and of the discipline meted out to him in classes, ending, always, with the plea, "Miss Sahiba, Miss Sahiba, return me back, return me back!" (to the Holman Institute).

Another of our educational innovations was a night school, primarily for Christian boys who could not manage to continue their schooling during the day. It grew to include a great many non-Christian boys.

The results of our work were not only educational. They were made worthwhile by the emphasis we



Left—Finished Rugs
Right—Where Rug-Making Was Started

placed on character and Christian teaching. Let Bishop Badley speak for us.

"I have not known any school of our church in India to grow so fast and come to such rapid recognition as the Holman Institute of Agra. This is because the school has undertaken a very much-needed work for a most needy community in one of India's greatest cities. The vision, ability and devotion that Miss S. C. Holman has shown in starting and expanding this work of education for the depressed classes of Agra has fully deserved the many tributes it has received.

"The reasons that explain the popularity of this institute are plain to the friends of the missionary cause. First, the school gives a thorough education, and is making for an intelligent community among a backward section of Agra's population. In the next place the dignity and value of labor are impressed upon the minds of the boys and girls. But . . . more important . . . the great emphasis of the school is placed on the development of character . . . a character that is the product, not of textbooks or moral codes, but of personal example on the part of the teachers and of a real experience of a living Christ. The result is that the product of this school is transforming the homes and the mohallas from which these young people come. Its existence and continued development are of prime importance to our church in Agra, and to the entire community that is being served in that great city. I have rejoiced in its success so far . . . I pray for its continued growth."

This has been our primary task in the school, and one which we know we have accomplished, for our children have, in turn, started Evangelical work in the villages, demonstrating beyond doubt the transformation of character as well as mind and body.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

The greatest of all our desires for the children is to lead them into an experimental religion. This is gained by clear, definite Bible teaching. Our first and highest aim was that they might become true Christians, knowing the joy of sins forgiven, so that they would be constrained to tell others the good news. We expect our children to take Gospel messages to their homes and lead their relatives to Christ. We have had wonderful results through the years. We have had a number of baptisms resulting from personal work done by our students.

Most wonderful of all, they are eager to preach the Gospel to their former oppressors, and their old masters as eagerly receive it.

Babu was a Christian student at Holman Institute. One day after returning from school he sat down under a tree and began to read his Bible. A high-caste Hindu was standing nearby and said, "What is that book you are reading?" Babu answered, "It is Urdu." "What is it about?" "It is called the Bible, and is about Jesus Christ." "Read it to me so that I may see what it is like."

Babu read the story of the prodigal son, and when he had finished there started a heated argument as to who was the true God. The Brahmin said, "If my god had not been the true God, you would not be here," Babu replied, "You worship the father of lies, the devil. If my God were not the true God the world would not be here."

The schoolboy used his Bible and read such references as I John 2:22-25. "Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is anti-christ, that denieth the Father and the Son. Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father, but he that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father, also. Let that, therefore, abide in you which ye have heard from the beginning. If that which ye have heard from the beginning shall remain in you, ye also shall continue in the Son, and in the Father. And this is the promise that He hath promised us, even Eternal Life."

Many questions were asked of the young boy. A large crowd gathered and they all marveled at the fourteen-year-old boy's answers.

He came to school the next day to ask for more help in using his Bible in such questions as are popular today about the Virgin birth. He was given the references to meet all questions. The whole class was given Isaiah 55:11 to memorize. "So shall my Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Many of the parents who had believed in super-

stition and had worshiped their idols for so many years were not interested in becoming Christians until their children began to bring the Word of God home, thus creating a new life for their families in Jesus Christ.

One little fellow who had received Christ came to us one day, saying, "Come to my home, my family is ready to receive Christ." He was from one of the better families of the sweeper class and lived at a distance. With twelve hundred children to attend to we felt that this little chap had had scarcely the training to be able to convert his family, and we had no time to make the long trip. For months he kept coming to us, saying, "My family is waiting for you. My father says you are to come and baptize us. My father says you are to come and make us Christians." Finally, one evening, while there were three or four American tourists visiting us, we took the native preacher with us and went to visit the household. We were amazed, for the little boy had really reached into his father's heart, and through him to the whole family. When we arrived at this superior (sweeper) home we found that the father had gathered the whole family, and he honored his little son before us all by seating him in the only available chair. The women especially were well-prepared, and when we were through examining them about midnight the native preacher had found about a dozen people ready for baptism on the spot.

The children's evangelistic efforts went on against even more formidable obstacles. One day little John

begged us to come to his mohalla to give some special teaching to a family who were going to be Aryas Samage (a Hindu sect) and he had hoped they might become Christians. However, when we got there the Aryas Samage people were already going on with their ceremonies. We climbed a little hillock where a number of college students were watching the proceedings. I must explain right here that we, the teachers, always carried our own stools so that all we had to do was to unfold our little chairs and have our own seats, wherever we wanted to hold a meeting. We began to sing the Gospel songs and gradually the crowd turned towards us, until about half the onlookers were listening to our songs. Four small boys sang, "On Christ the Solid Rock I Stand" in Hindustani. Then I said to the boys, "Sing that in English", and when these four little sweeper boys sang that in splendid English the crowd turned right towards us, and paid great attention. It was near the college and there were about two hundred young men—mostly students—in our audience. These little sweeper children were singing in English, with a better accent than many of the college students. When the teachers left we walked away quickly. The students asked many questions, but we did not stop. They called the four little boys and questioned them. Some of them went home for their Bible notes, and the students remained there for two hours asking questions of these Christian children about the Bible and the Christian religion. The next day these same children brought their problems to the school for some of the

questions that they had not been able to answer. The reason we left so abruptly was that I did not care for the young Indian girl teachers to get into arguments with the non-Christian college boys—therefore they questioned the little boys, who gave wonderful answers.

One boy in sixth class had taught a small village and prepared them for baptism, when one day his teacher said to me, "A . . . wants you to come to a village with him tonight and take the pastor, as he has a number of converts prepared for baptism." When I heard his story I said, "Is this where you left your Bible?" Some time before, at prize-giving, he and his little brother had received Bibles as prizes. One day I asked him to take his Bible out of his desk and read a certain passage. He looked embarrassed and did not do it. I said, "Haven't you got your Bible?" He reached over and asked to borrow his brother's Bible. I felt that he had probably given it away or sold it, but I couldn't understand it because he loved his Bible. This day when I asked him if that was where he left his Bible he looked up with a smile. "Yes, we had two Bibles in our house, and there was not one Bible in that village. It was not fair for us to have two when they had none, so I left my Bible with a man who could read through the week, and Saturdays I went to teach them." To make a long story short, this boy had twenty-five converts to be baptized in a village where we did not have a Christian.

Through high school this boy gave away many Bibles to Hindus and Mohammedans—students who

visited him in his room, when he would read to them portions from the Bible. After listening they would ask to take his Bible.

A little boy named Natthi, in the second class, said to his teacher, "Idols cannot do anything." Then he told her how one day his father, who worshipped a large idol, left an offering of money and sweets before it. He said to the children, "Don't you touch any of these things which I have offered to the gods. They might get angry and kill you." When the father had gone away these boys took the money and ate the sweets, in order to see what would happen. Nothing unusual occurred, and Natthi said, "I do not believe in idols. They can't hurt you."

Almost every child in school has been taught the 115th Psalm in both Urdu and English. "They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not, neither speak they through their throats." "They that make them are like unto them, so is everyone that trusteth in them."

In one of the homes of our school children the teachers saw several small idols. They asked, "Who worships idols here?" The mother replied that they had worshiped the idols before their boy went to our school, but he had told them about Christ, and the uselessness of worshiping idols, and that they had given it up. "If you do not worship them, why do you keep them here?" she was asked. She replied, "You may take them and destroy them." By this remark it was evident that she was still gripped by a superstitious fear of the idols, and did not have

the courage to destroy them herself. She wished any misfortune to fall upon others rather than upon herself, should the gods be displeased by the act.

Another boy, in one of the smaller classes, asked his teacher to excuse him for a little while. He was hungry and wanted to eat his food. "Why did you not eat before you came?" he was asked. "My father was worshipping idols this morning," replied the little boy, "and I begged him not to do it, telling him that it was wrong and displeasing to God. I told him that he was a devil-worshipper and that I would not eat with him. Another day I told him that if he didn't stop worshipping idols he would never be able to go to heaven. I said to him, 'When you are sick, pray to God. Idols can't do anything for you'."

A little fellow in the kindergarten said to his teacher, "Will you please tell me the day that Jesus will come again?" "Why?" asked the teacher. "Because I want to break all the idols in our house and throw them in the tank before He comes." On a great mela day (festival of idols) his father wanted him to go with him to worship, but he ran away and did not return home until his father had gone. When his aunt asked him to put a light before the idol in their home, he refused to do it, and said, "Aunt, do not worship idols. Jesus will not take us with Him when He comes if you worship idols."

During one of the melas in which the people worship food, I felt a desire to witness the proceedings. This festival was taking place very near the mission compound, where there is a large idol. I rushed into

the center of the ceremony, stood in front of the idol and watched the performance of the priest. The food was placed in front of the image, and the priest bowed before it, holding his head over a small fire and inhaling as much of it as he could bear, and working himself up into a high frenzy. Then he began to groan and throw the rice and food around. At this point people say that the spirit (bhout) has come into him. This mela lasts for several days. One night I stepped out on the back veranda of the bungalow to listen for a few minutes to the beating of the drums, and all the maddening noise of idol worship. I then went out to the front veranda. The boys' night school was just closing, and I listened to their strong, full voices singing the "Doxology". "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." I thanked God for the night school, that even a few might be taught the straight and narrow way, and that they might walk in the light. The others were walking in the dark because they had not heard the Gospel, as the Church of Christ has not done all it could to send it out. We are so apt to think that, "The little we do is much, and the much we receive is little," but if we were willing we could do a great deal more, and God would give us a greater blessing in our home life and in our churches.

A special prayer group was started by the children, apart from all other devotions and prayer meetings. They called themselves a prayer committee. The leader of this group, one of the teachers, gave many interesting reports. One boy prayed, "I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast freed me from the

prison of idol worship, and that it has been taken out of my home. I pray Thee, dear Lord, that as the idol worship is banished from my home, so it may be from our dear land, and that the people of India may become one nation."

A.S's parents were ill, and that day had had nothing to eat. Their little son remembered what he had learned in school, that God hears and answers prayer, so he knelt down and prayed. Just after he had finished praying a neighbor brought in some food, and then he thanked God for answered prayer. **HOW OFTEN DO WE FORGET TO THANK OUR HEAVENLY FATHER WHEN WE RECEIVE THE ANSWER.**

A boy who studied in Holman Institute up to the eighth class, before we added the upper classes, and who had gone on to another school, came to call on me for a few minutes for prayer before he went for his examinations. He is not a baptized Christian, but one of those who say, "I am a Christian in my heart, but cannot be baptized because of my parents' objections." I asked him how many people he was teaching Bible, prayer, and Gospel songs. He said, "Sixteen women, four girls, ten boys, fifteen men." He had been doing this for about a year and a half, but for three months his school work had been so very difficult that he was not able to keep it all up. We visited the women whom he had been teaching, and were very pleased to see how much they had learned.

D.C., one of our students, reported teaching three men, two girls, and three women. These were being

taught the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, Bible stories, and he was reading the Bible to them. This boy, too, was a Christian, but had not been baptized because of his parents' attitude.

Om Kar, another of our students, taught three women, two boys, and two men. P.N., a Christian boy, had family prayers, teaching two women, three men, and three girls. M.L., an unbaptized Christian, had prayer and song and taught twelve people. Another boy taught six people. Giyasi taught twenty women; K.P. taught twenty men and five women. B.R. taught three men, four women, and three boys. His lessons consisted of songs, prayer and Bible reading. A small boy taught two women. J.S. taught his family. M.L. taught five women, four men, four girls, and three boys. Hotham taught four women, four men, and six children. These are just a few of the many who have taught in their homes and mohallas. This is how the mohalla work went on so fast, and so successfully in the early days of the school. What better description could be given of the Lord's work as it is being carried on in this city? These children are coming to school on foot, on bicycles, and in our mission bus.

There is no other solace for India but one nation under the banner of King Jesus. Oh, that we might all pray for this wonderful land, and remember the prayer of Jesus. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou

hast sent Me, and the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one. I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be perfect in one, and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me." (John 17: 20-23)

When Bishop Warne was about to leave India he came to Agra to bid farewell to the work and the workers, and also the Taj Mahal. He held several meetings. One of the most memorable to me was a meeting with the school children in the church. The Bishop spoke to the children in tender, loving, heart-melting tones, as only Bishop Warne could do. They listened with eager attention, and although about forty of the kindergarten were present, the child-audience, large as it was, was exceedingly quiet and well-behaved. At the close of his talk I said, "Bishop, give an altar call." He hesitated a few seconds. "Bishop, these children understand. You need not be afraid to give an altar call. They know what they are doing." The Bishop invited all who wished to give their hearts to Jesus, and to surrender their lives to the Savior, to come forward and kneel around the altar. Forty-five children responded, with throbbing hearts, as they bowed in prayer around the altar. The Bishop spoke to them very plainly and slowly, in gentle tones. He laid his hand on every child's head and offered an individual, heart-felt prayer. The children never forgot these prayers. Every child, as far as I know, continued to follow Christ, and later joined the church. Most of them are now laymen in the church.

There was a very special child in that audience whom I wish to mention. He was the first to come to the front. He did not walk, but ran as fast as his little feet would carry him, from the back of the church, and knelt down right in front of the Bishop. He was a cute little chap—fat and chubby. He wore a sunbonnet tied under his chin, a tight little jacket, loose baggy pants, and shoes and stockings. He was very much dressed up.

When this little chap first came to the school his teacher came to me in great distress. "Kanda says he does not love God, and he says that he will not love God." "Never mind, just go on giving him the teaching and telling him the Bible stories." In two or three days she came again. "Kanda says he does not love God, and he never will." "Never mind, just go on telling him about Jesus." This day, when Bishop Warne presented Christ to the children as the One Who loved little children and bade them come unto Him, he made the plan of salvation so simple that this little fellow grasped it and accepted Christ as his personal Saviour. This had been his trouble. In his mohalla there was a great, hideous idol which the worshipers had tried to represent to him as God. He could not love that idol, and his precious little character would not, but when Bishop Warne presented Christ to them, he felt that he had a Personal Being to love, and Someone to love him. Jesus said, "Unless ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven." "He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Every human being, whether born in civilized India

or the jungles of Africa, has within him an innate knowledge of a Supreme Being, an urge to worship that Being, and a desire to see Him. It is this latter desire that causes those who have not heard the Gospel to make idols in order that they may have something visible to worship, but the vision of the spiritual is greater than the vision of the senses.

In the years that followed I saw the fruits of that young life. He brought his mother, his two brothers, two cousins and an aunt to the Sunday School one Sunday morning to be baptised. They, too, all became members of the church.

THE STORY OF LITTLE NONKI

A very poor, non-Christian man brought his little baby girl to me in his arms and wanted to give her to me. The other missionary said, "You cannot do it—you haven't the money." The father went sadly away, but returned the next day, only to receive the same answer. Some one told him that the Miss Sahiba was very kind, and to go back once more, so he came a third time. Again the other missionary said, "You cannot take her—you have no money." He was leaving with his little girl, and as I saw those little baby eyes looking back at me over his shoulder, suddenly, clear as any spoken message, came a voice that was just like my sister's (she had gone to heaven some years before) saying, "Sarah, take that child!" I called to him, "Bring her back."

He returned and put the little fragile mite in my arms, saying, "Now I know she will be safe and happy." With tears in his eyes he walked away quickly, never looking back, although he must have heard the loud crying of the little child.

The father was a poor working man, and had to go out early and leave the little motherless one locked up in the house all day alone. He could not put her on a bed, as she would fall off. She had to lie on the hard, damp, dirt floor. She was very thin, and her little bones were sticking out through the skin on her back. Her little back was very sore from lying on the hard floor.

I sent for our school nurse and said, "Take this little child to the hospital", and they took her right from my knee. The lady doctors, both the superintendent, and the assistant superintendent, were very good friends of ours. They admitted her without any charge, and kept her until she was perfectly well, which was quite a long time. These English ladies bought expensive baby foods, which the hospital did not have, from their own pockets. When the baby was well they sent her home with some clothes and a nice warm little blanket, and a sizable check which enabled me to send her to the Baby Fold. I sent a wire to Bareilly Baby Fold that very day, and received an answer that evening, saying that they would accept her. I sent a nurse and a Bible woman that night to take little Nonki to the Baby Fold. The superintendent was very kind, and kept her until she was old enough to go to Muttra Boarding School. The day she came

home from Bareilly she spent with me in the bungalow, and acted as though she had always been there, and seemed to feel that I was really her mother. I was surprised.

That same night a Bible woman and the nurse took little Nonki to Muttra Girls' Boarding School. She was a dear, handsome, precious child. The day I sent her to Muttra, my own little adopted orphan, Annie, was home. I called her to me and said, "This is your little sister. Will you take care of her, and be her big sister?" Darling little Sarah Anne was delighted to have a little sister. Nonki is now a beautiful young lady. I gave her another name, but I will not mention it here, because she is well-known, and is now in college.

How thankful I am that I obeyed the voice of the Lord. She has never cost me personally anything more than a few little presents, or a bit of clothing. Do any of you hear the Voice, asking you to take some little orphan? There are thousands who need your help.

SPIRITUAL GROWTH

One of the Indian teachers of the school, in writing to a friend about the spiritual growth among the students, said, "I believe you will be interested to know something about the work being done here, and about the boys and girls who are studying in this school. This school is not only to give education,

but it is also to save their souls, and to bring them to the only Saviour of the world. Great heed is given to their moral and religious teaching.

"Before we begin our work we spend half an hour or more in Bible study and prayer. It gives us joy and peace in our minds, and new strength for our daily work. We are given special Bible teaching, for we are not only a group of teachers, but also an evangelistic band. The children are just as interested in their studies as any other children of the higher castes. They are taught to be clean and tidy in their person as well as in habits, word and deed. There are a great many children who are not yet baptized, but they are really Christians in their hearts.

"One day a boy of my class prayed, 'Oh, God, make me Thy true and faithful follower.' Another time he prayed, 'I wish very much to become a Christian, only my parents will not allow me.'

"After school we (the teachers and the principal) go out to work in the mohallas among the . . . hungry . . . souls who think there is no end to their suffering and depression. This is the time I like best. I realize the kindness of God towards me. I am no better than these . . . still He has made me able to give them a word of comfort, and show them the love of Christ which passeth understanding. When they see us they come eagerly to hear the Word of God. Many of them find peace and comfort, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. One day we went to a house where four or five women were sitting. One was old, and had recently lost her sight. When she

heard our voices she said, 'There is no place here. Go to the next house.' We begged to be allowed to stay for just a little while. After some time she said, 'Oh, all right, sit down, but don't stay too long.' Then she said, 'God has not been just to me. He has taken away my sight.' We sang hymns, prayed and talked about our Lord Jesus Christ, telling how He was the Friend of the poor and lowly, and how He healed the sick. After listening awhile, she quietly took a pice (half a cent) from her pocket and gave it to us, saying that it was 'On His Name.' We told her that, although her eyes were closed to the worldly things, perhaps because of this she might be able to see spiritual things more clearly, and put her whole attention on Him. She said, "That is quite true. He wishes me to praise Him now." She asked us to sing one more hymn.

"I have written a few things out of many. God is working wonders among the poorest and lowliest and the lost. We need more prayer to carry on this work."

Our highest ambition was that these dear children might know Christ and know how to pray in His Name. We began every class with prayer, no matter what the subject was. The children noticed themselves that it made a difference when they prayed, and they often asked for prayer. One day a little fellow broke down and cried, "Oh, teacher, I can't do it! Ask God to help me." The teacher stopped the large class, who bowed their heads while she prayed, and the tired little chap, who had been helping his mother work since very early in the

morning, was able to overcome his difficulties. Through the gentleness and understanding of a Christian teacher his prayer was answered.

A little Brahim girl in Mrs. Donne's sewing class told the teacher that a neighbor girl was very ill, and asked if she would pray for her. Mrs. Donne replied, "We will after we get through with our sewing." After a few minutes this little girl said, "My little friend is very sick. Don't you think we should pray now, and not wait until we get through with our sewing?" The sewing ceased for a few minutes while Mrs. Donne acquiesced in the child's request, and all bowed in prayer. It is easy for these little ones to believe and take Jesus at His Word. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My Name, I will do it." (John 14:13,14) What an inheritance Jesus has left to those who believe in His Name! He has given to us who believe the power of attorney; the use of the wonderful Name. Jesus tells us to ask, and He will do the doing. This promise is only to those who believe on His Name—to those who are born again into the family of God. "All things are possible to him that believeth." (Mark 9:23) Jesus said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth." (Matthew 28:18) Jesus has the keys. The God of the Universe is back of that Name.

Some years ago when visiting on Rose Avenue, in Toronto, I walked up to Young Street several evenings during the six o'clock rush hour to watch a policeman control the traffic. It was very interest-

ing to me to see what authority one man had. A policeman on horseback put up his hand and all traffic stopped. I have counted as many as ten and twelve street cars, besides automobiles and pedestrians. Why has one individual control over such heavy traffic? It is because of the authority back of him. It is not the power in the man. Jesus has given us the use of His Name for every difficulty over Satan, over disease, and every circumstance. He is ready to come to our help. Notice how we are to pray. He said, "Ask the Father, in My Name." We are not to pray directly to Jesus, but to the Father in the Name of Jesus. "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4:12)

Upon asking the students of the upper classes what the greatest thing was that they had learned in school, many answers were given, and they all pertained to the Bible and Christian teaching. One said, "Acts 4:12"; another said, "John 3:16"; one very fine Hindu boy in sixth class said, without a moment's hesitation, "The song of Jesus' sorrow and prayer in Gethsemane." One said, "My changed character." A very bright little fellow said, "The teaching on the second coming of Jesus Christ." Others said, "The lessons on idol worship."

The following essay on idol worship was written by a fourteen-year-old schoolboy.

THE TEACHING OF THE BIBLE
ABOUT IDOL WORSHIP

"Oh, brothers, what advantage do you receive from the worship of idols? You plainly see these idols are made by human hands. They are made of stone and are the work of man's hands. It is a great shame to worship a thing made by human hands. It is unworthy and degrading. The Bible teaches us that idols are nothing, and cannot help us at all, and you can see with your own eyes that the worship of idols is foolishness. God says in His Word that it is foolish to worship them, and lest you do not believe this I will quote some passages of Scripture on idol worship. In Psalm 115:8 we read, "They that made them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them." Now, of course you know that God has spoken against idolatry in His Word, and that idolatry is a thing to be ashamed of, and God says that idols cannot help you. Read what the Bible says about it in Jeremiah 2:28. "But where are thy gods that thou hast made thee? Let them arise if they can save thee in the time of thy trouble, for according to the number of thy cities are thy gods." If you still doubt what God says, then read Exodus 20:23. "Ye shall not make with me gods of silver, neither shall ye make unto you gods of gold." You can see that God is angry with idol worshippers, and that He has nothing to do with those who worship them. Please listen and then decide for yourself whether this is true or false. In Deut. 7:3,4,

He says, "Neither shalt thou make marriage with them. Thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son; nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son; for they will turn away the son from following Me." Now you plainly see that God forbids idolatry in marriage ceremonies, and in everything.

"God also says that if a country keeps on worshipping these images it will go down. I will quote from Ezekiel 7:21. 'And I will give it into the hands of strangers for a prey, and to the wicked of the earth for a spoil, and they shall pollute it.' Now, my brothers, I think you will agree with me that God does not like idol worship, and that the nation or country that worships idols shall be destroyed.

"I will give you two other passages. The first is from Joshua 23:16. 'When ye have transgressed the covenant of the Lord, your God, which He commanded you, and have gone and served other gods, and bowed yourselves to them, then shall the anger of the Lord be kindled against you, and ye shall perish quickly from off the good land which He hath given unto you.'

"The second one is in Deut. 29:24-29. 'Even all nations shall say, Wherefore hath the Lord done this unto this land, and what meaneth the heat of His great anger? Then men shall say, Because they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord, the God of their fathers, which He made with them, when He brought them forth out of the land of Egypt: For they went and served other gods and worshiped them, and the anger of the Lord was kindled against

them so as to bring all the curses that are written in this book.'

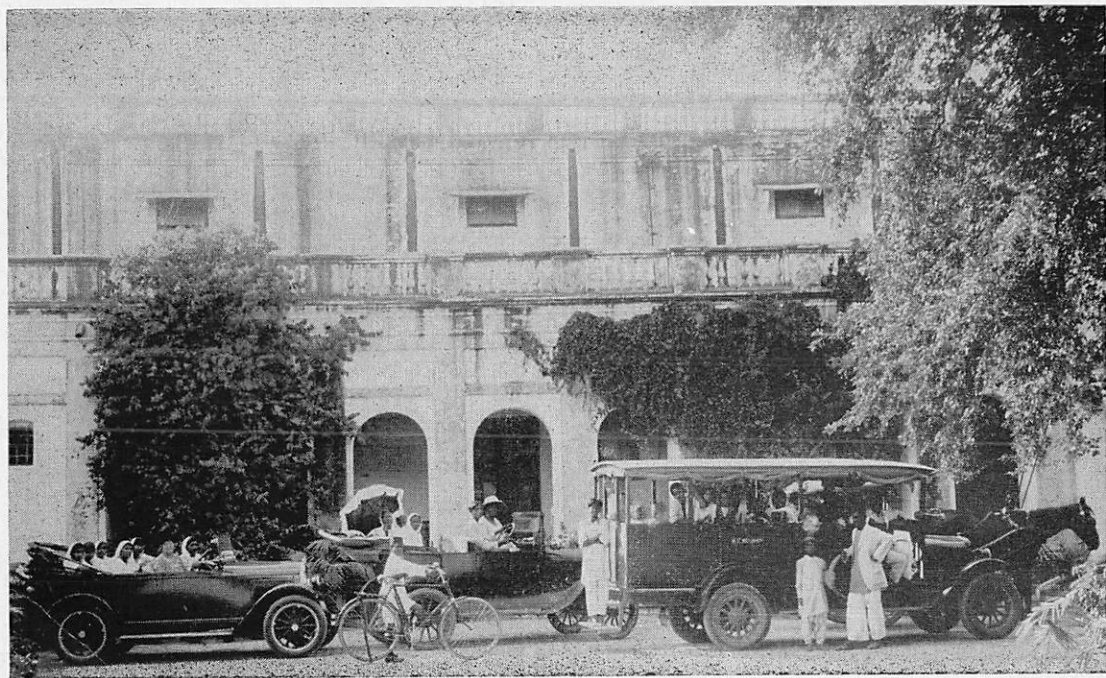
"I beseech you, brethren, follow Jesus Christ, and pray for India, and the Lord will answer your prayers abundantly. From all these things you will understand that the Lord is very angry with idol worshipers. But we have great comfort in this; that God has sent His Son into the world, and He will forgive us our sins, and free us from them when we go to Him. When we confess our sins He will forgive us our sins. When we leave our sins entirely and confess Him, then He will forgive us and give us a crown of Life. Now all of you go to God and pray to Him, and you will get great comfort, and you will become servants of His. I want to leave this verse with you. 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have Eternal Life.' (John 3:16)"

The grandmother of the writer of this essay was a priestess, and greatly honored by the women of her following. Through the prayers and efforts of her two grandsons, twelve and fourteen years of age, she consented to have the shrine broken down, and told me with her own lips, "The prayers of these boys broke my heart." She said, "One night after I had gone to bed I heard them praying in their room, kneeling by their cots, praying to God that idol worship might be banished. Then I heard them singing hymns that touched my soul. I laid there weeping, and I could not refuse when they asked to have this shrine removed."

I was present the day and hour when the seat of Satan was thrown out by the members of the family. A number of school children and teachers, standing on the spot where this idol had been, sang, "Yessu Masih Ki Jai!" ("Victory to Christ!")

"Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness." (Rom. 6:16) "For the wages of sin is death, but the Gift of God is Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. 6:23) Through this Scripture, and many other passages, idol worship has been broken, and shrines have been torn down in many communities. On one evangelistic tour in the villages, eighty shrines were broken, and much prosperity followed.

God hates idol worship. It was the worship of idols that caused separation of the chosen people from their God. Because of their sins they were carried away to other countries, and endured great persecution. "And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord, thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me, and showing mercy unto thousands of



Leaving for the Evening Work

them that love Me and keep My commandments. Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord, thy God, in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain." (Exodus 20:1-7)

In the school we stressed the teaching of the Bible concerning idol worship. When the children grasped the truth they were a tremendous help in the work of the teachers, in the homes and mohallas. The idols and shrines disappeared from all the seventy mohallas where we had work.

"Not all the blood of beasts on Jewish altars
slain

Can give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away a stain."

At the end of the age of the covenant of Abraham, God made another covenant, and came Himself, in the Person of Jesus Christ, to make the perfect and final sacrifice for sin, *once for all*. The Jew, the Gentile, and "whosoever will" may come. He is the only Mediator between God and man. The natural man is described in Ephesians 2:2, as without God and without hope. Jesus is the Way to God. The only way to become a Child of God is to have His Life within. When natural man accepts Christ as his Saviour, the Life of God in Christ Jesus enters man's darkened spirit (the vessel prepared for it) and he becomes a Child of God. This is the new birth, instantaneous and indissoluble, and is what Jesus meant when He said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be *born again*." (John 3:7) Jesus said, "I am come that they might have Life, and that they might have It more abundantly." (John 10:10) "And I

give unto them Eternal Life; and they shall *never* perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of My hand." (John 10:28)

If the Christian is overtaken in sin, either by succumbing to his old Adamic nature or by falling prey to Satan, he has One to plead his cause with the Father. "And if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous . . ." (John 2:2) A born-again Christian does not have to live as a Child of God by his own strength, but by the strength of the Life within him. "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the Presence of His Glory with exceeding joy." (Jude 24)

THE STORY OF THE LYMAN PEARDON LIBRARY

Some years ago a family of four small children, three boys and a baby girl, was left without a home or parents. An old servant, who had been in the mission service for a good many years, begged to have these children taken into the mission. A few months later this old servant, who had been caring for these children, became ill and died. I took the children, but although they were orphans I could not get them into any school without paying the fees, so I just mothered them myself and let them attend Holman Institute.

The oldest boy was exceptionally bright, and in

three and a half years he had advanced from learning his letters to sixth class. He worked very hard. His great desire was to become an efficient mission worker or, as he put it, a superintendent.

When a prize was offered to the student who could make the most English words out of the name "Constantinople", he was given honorable mention. The next year when "The Treasure Chest" offered a prize for the best essay on "Babar, the Brave", he won the first prize. Our congratulations gave him as much joy as the prize itself, for now Lyman felt that he was proving his worth to us, and that we had not been mistaken in calling him "Son".

In addition to his usual lessons he was showing an intense interest in Bible study. His personal hero was the Rev. J. R. Chitambar, who later became first Indian Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. "Do you think I could ever be so great?" Lyman asked one day, his eyes shining.

We asked him once why he was always following the college students instead of spending his free time with the children of his own age. "They answer all my questions!" Lyman explained.

In a few short years the frail little sweeper became a young scholar—never robust, but bright, clean, and what is most important, possessed of a self-respect that we gloried to see in him.

He was a missionary, that child, as he had so grasped the truth of Christianity that in the bazaars he would talk about Christ to the Hindus and Mo-

hammedans. Sometimes they asked questions which he could not answer, and then he would come to us.

"How do we know that Jesus is the Son of God? Tell me how I can answer them."

"Don't you remember," we explained, "that when Christ was baptized in the Jordan the Voice of God was heard to proclaim, 'This is My Beloved Son'?"

That same evening Lyman was found preaching to a crowd by the mission gate. So great was the crowd that the policeman had to clear the traffic. As one imagines him there one can almost hear him saying to the servant who was sent to fetch him, in the identical words of that other little boy. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

Later I asked him, "What were you preaching about?" He answered, "When you called me I was just going to explain the Apostles' Creed."

At the close of the school year several laymen of the church were present for the prize distribution. We stood up a line of ten bright children, and the laymen were asked to question them on any of the books they had studied. Lyman, then twelve years old, had been in school three years. He answered the questions, and read by sight in three languages; Hindi, Urdu and English. One member of the church was so impressed that he said, "I will give that boy a special prize. What shall I give him?" "Give him money to buy books," we suggested. "He would like that better than anything." The special prize was twenty rupees (\$7.00), and this was the beginning of the Lyman Peardon Library.

Lyman did not live long enough to build a great

library for himself. He was still a child when he died, but out of our sorrow grew the idea that those books which he had loved, and other books which he would never read, could be made available to other children. An Encyclopedia Britannica was given by the "1900 Class" of Northfield Seminary, Massachusetts, and a picture of Christ in the temple, beautifully framed, was also presented, together with a companion piece, The Lord's Supper. Other books have been coming in, and this library stands as a memorial to our little Chota Lal, baptized "Lyman Peardon."

There is a great need for a better library. We could not give the children the proper books after they had learned to read, and there was a great demand for reading material among the students. One boy to whom I had given some Christian tracts, in response to his request for reading material, said, "This is all right, but please give me something to expand my mind, such as biography."

Some of the brighter children learned to read very quickly, and they bought trash in the bazaars, not knowing that there were better books. Sometimes we almost wished they had not learned to read. Satan sells his books cheap. Good books cost.

BHOP SINGH

There have been thousands of children, of many different classes, who have gone through the Holman Institute. Some came because they were called, and some came of their own accord. One morning a young boy about fourteen years of age called at the mission and asked to see the superintendent. I said, "Well, here she is—what do you want?" With a straightforward look, the young boy said, "I want to be a Christian." I would give a good deal to have a photograph of that same boy. He was dressed as an orthodox Hindu, with a dhoti. He was a distinguished-looking young boy, handsome of face. He wore no headdress whatever, but the thing that attracted my attention was his beautiful English shoes. When I questioned him about his desire to become a Christian, I found that he didn't belong to Agra, but had come from another village. I never did know how he heard about the school, or what had made him so determined to forsake Hinduism and become a Christian.

I said, "I have no boarding—no place for you—no money to keep you—you must go back to your mother." He said, "I WILL NOT GO BACK. My mother is an idol worshiper, and I WILL NOT worship idols." I have seldom seen such strength of character in a boy of his age. Well, the outcome was that he argued and pleaded with me until I said, "All right, I'll give you a room in the compound, but you'll have to cook your own food." He con-

sented to that, although the dear little fellow was from a well-to-do family, and had never cooked, but he did it bravely, and without murmuring.

"Now," I said, "You are a big boy and I have no special teacher for you. You will have to go into the kindergarten and work your way up from there." He accepted that, but never sat down in class. He would not sit with those little ones. I had a wonderfully clever kindergarten teacher who simply put knowledge into them, and in three weeks he was ready for first class. As he was older than the others, and as the teacher took a special interest in him, he advanced very rapidly. However, I felt that he should go to a school with boys of his own age. I had a friend in another mission whose boys were given the finest of spiritual instruction, and I asked him to take this boy so that he might learn more of Christianity, and be with older boys. As this school was more of an industrial one, and Bhop Singh was definitely a scholar, he became restless, and found it difficult to adapt himself to the more mechanical work. He wanted an education, so I let him come back and do his own cooking, continuing his studies in Holman Institute. Then a friend of mine from California, who was visiting me in Agra, paid his tuition through the Methodist Boys' Boarding School. There he settled down and was happy.

While Bhop Singh was in Agra he was baptized and joined the church. I told him that he could not be baptized because he was not of age, but he was so afraid that some of his relatives might get hold of him before he was baptized that he went to the

pastor and told him that he was eighteen years old, and of course, that meant that he was of age. Without my consent, he was baptized.

On the Sunday of his baptism, for reasons unknown to me, a man over thirty years old had tried to keep him from being baptized, and undertook to give him a good calling down. They were in the church when this happened, and Bhop Singh asked the man to step outside, after which he blooded up his nose. The man came crying to me, and I could not keep from laughing at him. Bhop Singh then knelt at the altar, and the preacher baptized him.

Bhop Singh ate up everything he could get about the Bible and Christianity. About that same time Bishop Badley was visiting Agra. He gave us a fine address to the Old Boys' Club one Saturday evening, which was profound and instructive. The next Saturday evening Bhop Singh asked if he might be one of the speakers, as it was the custom for one of the boys to take the meeting when there was no outside speaker scheduled. Believe it or not, that young Christian gave, almost verbatim, the talk that Bishop Badley had given the week before! It was simply amazing! I was assured that a boy with such a brain should be educated, and he was sent to a boys' boarding school, where he remained for some years.

Bhop Singh, with such excellent potentialities, should have been sent to college, but there was no one to sponsor him, and he took a position as station master in one of the large cities.

ROMANCE

The missionary has not only to look after the spiritual and physical welfare of her charges, but must also make arrangements for their marriages. At a time when I was principal of an orphanage and boarding school, it was the custom to offer prizes at the end of the school year to the pupils who excelled in various departments, such as sewing, cooking, and academic studies. On one occasion a strange bit of romance followed the closing exercises. An orphan girl had won the prize for cooking. A young man who had been present at this graduation later appeared in my office with his pastor, and said that he wanted a wife, asking for the girl who had won the prize for cooking.

This girl was very temperamental, and this happened to be one of her bad mornings. However, as it was the custom of the superintendent of the orphanage to arrange for the marriages of the girls, I sent for her, telling her that I wanted her to come and meet a young man. She sent back word—"If that is what you want me for I won't come." Several times she was called, but always refused to come. The pastor became very impatient and asked, "Can't you give us another girl?" The young man was determined that he would not even see another girl. I told him that she had a bad temper, and that he might have a hard time with her, but he said, "Never mind, this is the one I want to see." Hours passed. He would not leave, and she would not ap-

pear. I finally sent word, "You must come to the office. Miss Sahiba wants to see you." She came, in her best clothes, and I introduced her to the young man, but she would not speak to him. I left them in the drawing room, whereupon she turned her back to him and stood with her face to the wall. I returned to the room several times, making some excuse for entering. It was amusing to see him talking very nicely to her back. Finally he came to me and said, "She has consented." I exclaimed, "What! She has consented!" I then went in to see her, and found that it was true. I had not expected that she would give in, but his patience was rewarded.

After this the date for the engagement was set. This is a very important day for the bride and groom. Engagements in India are publicly announced, and the engagement takes place at the home of the bride, which, in this case, was the orphanage. The minister and the superintendent are present, guests are invited, hymns are sung, and the preacher gives a talk—very often on "Isaac and Rebecca." Gifts are exchanged, and if the engagement party is very large, only sweets are distributed, but several kinds, which are most satisfying. Sometimes tea and cake are served. Banns are read in the church three times, and then the wedding may take place.

This girl made a very pretty bride, and a fine wife and mother. I visited their home many times, and we often joked about the first time they met.

* * * * *

A party of four lady missionaries, who were spending their summer vacation in Kashmir, took a two-weeks' trek to the glacier, Nanga Purbit. We had to carry food supplies for the two weeks, as well as the camping outfit, which meant two tents for the missionaries and tents for the servants. The first part of our journey was by houseboat. Our cots were made up for the night and four chairs were placed on the prow of the little boat. It was a glorious moonlight night, that first night out. The sky above us was brilliant with stars, the river calm—that is, as calm as the Jhelum can be—and it glistened and shone in the moonlight. The sound of the waters rushing over the boulders was not altogether an unpleasant one, as we watched the boatmen pulling our dungas along near the land. They attach long ropes to the boat, then fasten the ends of the ropes to their bodies like harness. The men tramp along on the land, while we sit comfortably in our houseboat. Sometimes we sleep, or read, work or eat.

On this first night on the river, as there were no lights to read by, we sat out on the front part of the boat to enjoy the cool, calm air and the quiet of being the only people around.

One of the party told us the history of many of the places we would visit—or had visited—one of which was the beautiful garden of Lala Rooke. She gave us an account of the sweet love story of Lala Rooke, as given in Moore's poems. It was a thrilling and fitting story for such an occasion. When later we visited this garden, and stood on the platform

where the young prince had stepped down to greet his bride, the whole story became real, as though it had happened but yesterday.

The marriages in India do not often give much opportunity, if any, for courtship. This wise young ruler sensed the necessity of some romance. According to the travel in those days, the journey from the plains to Kashmir was tedious and tiresome, so this young prince arranged for some entertainment and amusement for his young bride, en route. He came, himself, in the guise of an artist, to entertain her with his wonderful playing, by reading to her, and engaging her in witty and interesting conversation. He was not slow to see that she was falling in love with him, but with her it was different. She was almost depressed with the thought that she was being untrue to her betrothed. Her maids tried to cheer her. They said, "He must be a wonderful young prince to do so much for you, and to send this young artist to entertain you on this long journey." She continued to be sad, however. When her wedding day arrived, and she walked through the lovely garden to the platform where she was to meet the prince, she was downcast and scarcely dared to lift her eyes. When at last she was compelled to look at the prince, she saw that he was the young artist—the man with whom she had fallen in love! Her face was radiant, and her lover knew that he had accomplished that which he had set out to do—win her heart. This was a lovely setting for such a story on the grand old Jhelum River.

AN ADVENTURE IN KASHMIR

We crossed the lake without any difficulty. We tied up at the bank for the night, ready for an early start in the morning. We were not there very long before one of our crew came to announce the arrival of a delegation from a village about two miles distant. The head man of the village had himself accompanied the men, who came to see if there was a doctor in our party, and to beg us to go to the village and attend a baby boy who had fallen into a basin of scalding water. One of the party said, "No, we are not doctors, and cannot do anything for you." They pleaded that one of the ladies would come and see the child, even if she were not a doctor. One of the party said, "I will go if any of you will go along with me."

It was in the late afternoon. Black clouds hung low. Our guide said, "There will be terrible rain. We must make our boat safe. You better not go out this evening." But the missionary who had offered to go along said, "We will take the risk." So, through the woods, over rough roads, and on to the village, we trudged along. At last the place was reached. Yes, there was the most beautiful little boy, about ten months or less, almost cooked alive. When we saw the baby, we whispered to each other, "He cannot get better", but I said, "they have faith in us—God is able—let us do something. God may work a miracle." I had brought along some fine old linen bandages and a box of zam-buk. One of us ap-

plied the ointment on the bandages while the other skillfully bound up the little body with great caution. The bandages looked very nice indeed. We warned them not to take them off, as we were afraid they might get some dirt into the wounds. The head man of the village asked a great many questions as to the care of the baby. We told them they must take care of the mother. She must be left entirely with the baby, must be well-fed and drink plenty of milk. The baby took his only comfort on the breast. If he had plenty of sleep and milk it would help. However, we did not think it possible for the child to get well unless God saw fit to work a miracle. Because we were missionaries, these dear, simple people had great faith. When we got back to the boat we pleaded with God to do His part, and prayed for them every day while we were on our two-weeks trip to the glacier.

When we returned to our boat again I said, "I would like to know if that baby lived." I never could understand how word got around so fast, but we had no sooner reached our boats when we were told that the mother and baby were waiting to see us. Such a picture as they presented! The pretty little mother looked so radiant and rested, and such a lovely, beautiful baby! His little body had healed perfectly, except one tiny spot on his leg. I always believed that God had left that little spot so we would know how He had answered our prayers, as they had come back for a bit more ointment. We felt well repaid for our four-mile tramp, returning in the dark through heavy thunder and lightning,

but reaching our boat before the rain came. We gladly gave them the ointment, and praised God for answered prayer. "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry." (Psalm 34:15)

GOD WORKS IN WONDEROUS WAYS

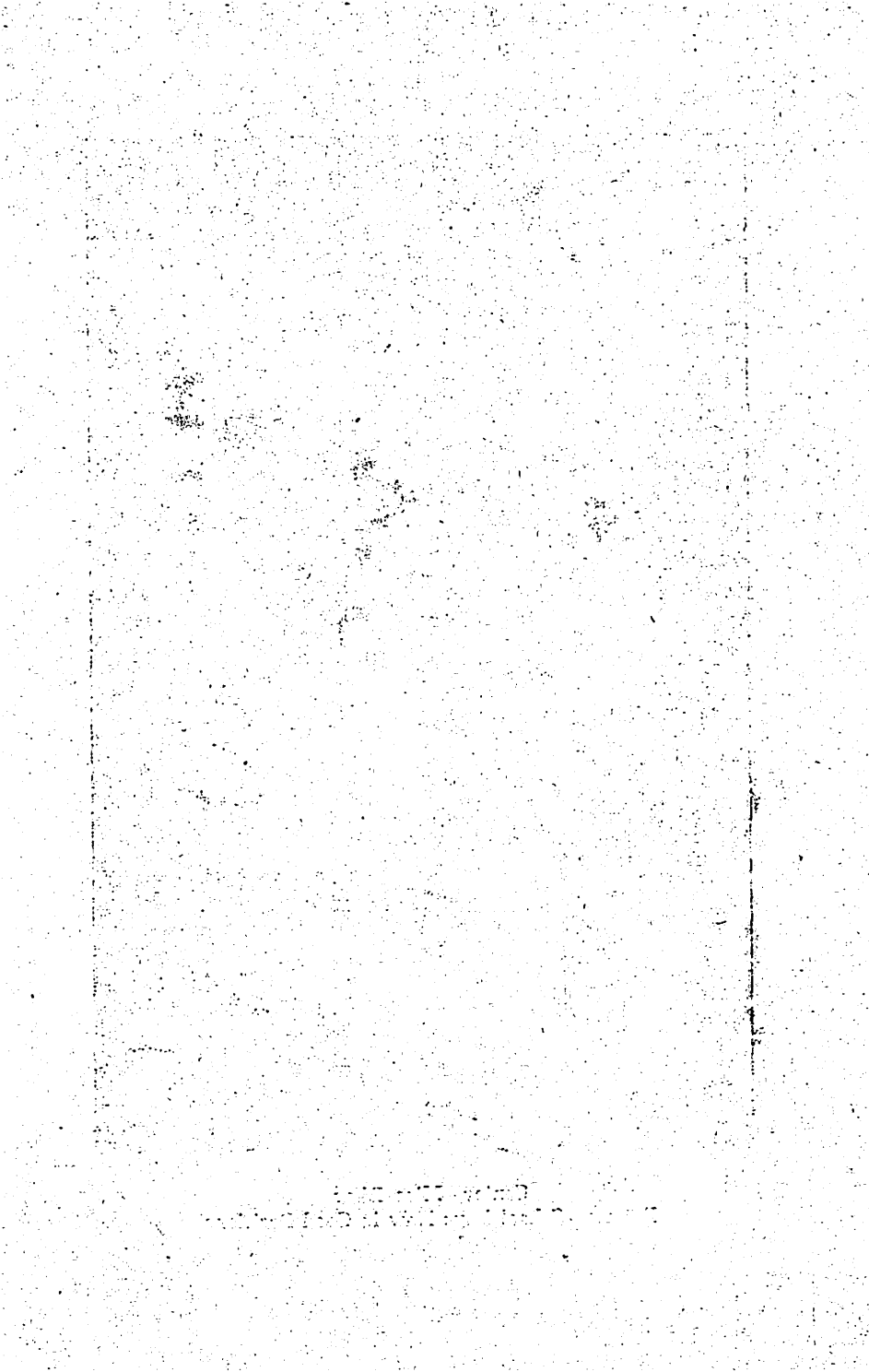
At certain intervals, when I saw the teachers getting a bit weary, we often took a trip to some near places of interest, which were relaxing and educational, and very often provided us with opportunities for special missionary work. At this particular time I suggested that we go to the Taj Mahal and enjoy the coolness, the flowers, the fountains, and above all, the stillness and peace, and spiritual uplift that that monument always gave me.

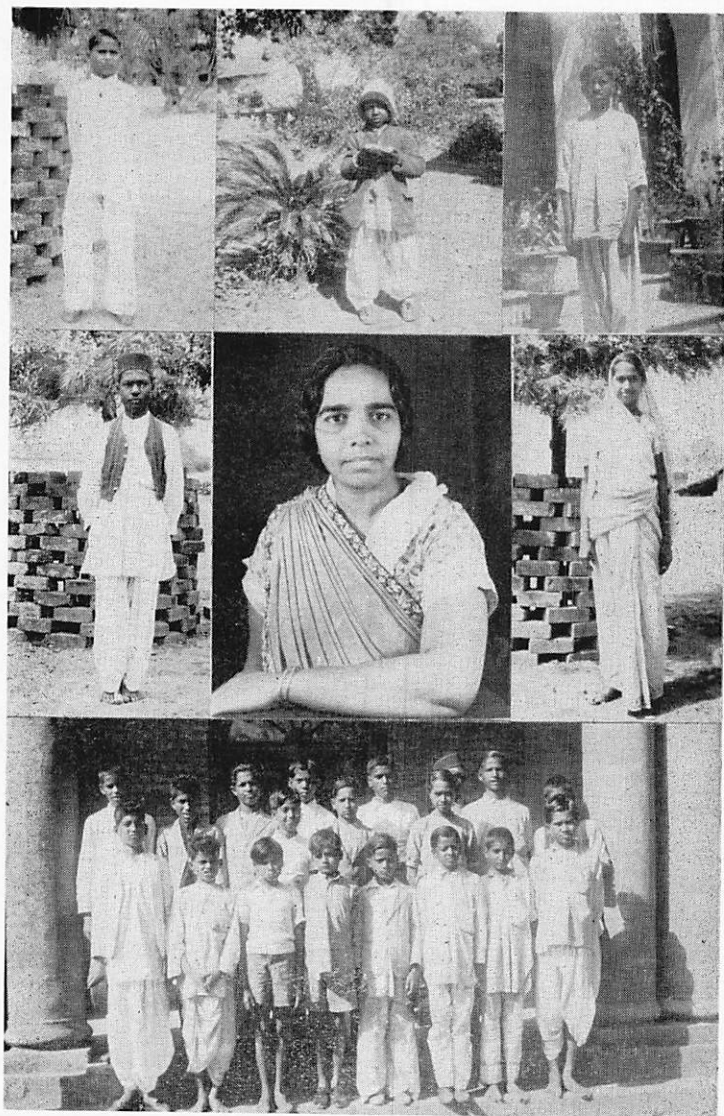
At the time there were some lady doctors visiting Agra from the United States and Canada, and we invited them to go along. Two of them accepted the invitation. We parked our school bus outside the gateway going into the gardens surrounding the Taj, and when we passed through the gateway that most beautiful thing in the world burst on our view, one of the party afterwards wrote. "We had visited the grandest churches and cathedrals in England, and the lovely churches of Italy, the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and yet it was left to this building, erected by a Moham-

medan—a tomb, at that—to give me the most uplifted feeling I have ever experienced in all my life.

“If you are an ordinary tourist, one of the Mohammedan guards will attempt to sing so you may hear the unusual echo in the building. However, one of the teachers sang a verse of a hymn for us, in Urdu. Then all the teachers took up the hymn, and for five minutes after it seemed as if the angels were singing in the dome of that building.”

While we were there this evening a large group of pilgrims—faquirs—perhaps twenty or twenty-five men and women, came. These dear people made a great impression on me, and on my lady doctor friends. They were dressed in slim loin cloths, with turbans on their heads, and over each one's shoulder was slung a bamboo pole, from which hung a pair of shoes or sandals, a brass lota (water vessel) and a small bundle of something that looked like rags, or it might have been food. Their bodies were thin and emaciated, and their faces wan and anxious. I had never met a group exactly like this before, nor have I since. We were on our way out of the grounds when I stepped up to these people. “What are you searching for?” I asked, for it seemed to me, from their faces, that they were searching for something more than the beautiful Taj Mahal. Their leader said, “Mukti.” (Salvation) “Oh, are you searching for salvation? We have found it—would you like to hear about it?” “Yes, we would,” they replied. I can see one woman's countenance yet, as she looked into my eyes with an expression of hope and joy.





Center—Miss Dhar
Bottom—School Boys Now in Good Positions

We invited them to come to one corner of the large platform just inside the gate of the Taj grounds. They filled one side of the platform, and the teachers stood facing them. The teachers were very pretty girls, their faces filled with the joy of the Lord, and the satisfaction in the knowledge that they belonged to the family of God. "Joint heirs with Jesus Christ." Their Indian saris were very pretty, and they made a handsome sight, while our friends, the faquirs, made a pitiful sight. They sang the Christian songs in such a hopeful manner—something these poor people had never heard before. I talked to them about Jesus Christ, and how He had died for us. The young teachers explained to them the words that I used, and each gave her personal testimony, telling how Christ had saved her, and how she was looking forward to meeting Jesus in the mansion prepared for her.

When we had talked with them as long as we felt we dared, we bade them good-bye and Godspeed, and they departed with many salaams. One of the lady doctors had been watching this scene very carefully, and had noticed a man—a civilian—in Indian dress who had been listening to the message. At first, she said, he jeered and snickered, but as the Spirit of God prevailed over the group he grew more serious, and paid strict attention. I did not notice him particularly, but when we went out to get into our bus, this man followed. He came to me as I sat there in the driver's seat, and asked, "Where can I go to hear more of this?" I questioned him pretty thoroughly to determine whether he was

really in earnest, but when he confessed that he really wanted to get rid of his sins, and to find Eternal salvation, I said, "You may come to my bungalow tomorrow and I will give you further instruction." He came at the time appointed, and accepted Christ as his personal Savior.

I have varied and delightful memories of the hundreds of times I have visited the Taj Mahal, with people from all over the world, sometimes in groups, sometimes with one person. On one occasion, when leaving the grounds, we lingered at the gate to take a last look, as we often had before. I said, "This always reminds me of that passage in Ephesians 2:20-22: ' . . . the building fitly framed together . . . ' "

"And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNERSTONE, in Whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord, in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."

The Taj Mahal is one of those scenes that cannot be described. It is really an experience. Its symmetry, faultlessness and beauty always make you think of God and His perfection.

As I mentioned the above Scripture, the bishop who was with us took his pencil and notebook and began to write. He said, "Well, you have given me a subject for a most inspiring sermon."

Many times we went to the Taj, not only for recreation, but to contact non-Christians and to witness for Christ. One time Bishop Warne ac-

accompanied us, just before he left for America. He was amazed at the way those young teachers made contacts with simplicity and helpfulness. They witnessed to many. Indeed, it was very interesting how the teachers would scatter all over the place, and they would be seen here and there, either standing by the Jumna River, or sitting on a seat, witnessing to some hungry soul.

We visited the monument at midnight, at sunset, and even at four o'clock in the morning. The different lights on the Taj could be compared to the coloring of a beautiful diamond.

My very first visit by moonlight was at midnight. We had been having our Christmas dinner very late, and we left our Christmas pudding to rush to the Taj, as it was the only opportunity one of the guests would have to see it by moonlight. We stood there in silent rapture for some minutes, and then one of the party burst out singing, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." This seemed to be the most fitting expression of our feelings to break the spell.

One very fascinating memory was an evening when the gate was shut to all men, and open to women only, in order to give the Zenana women a chance to see the Taj by moonlight. Though of different countries and customs, we did not seem to be strangers. These pretty little women, with their colorful saris, were charming. I remember saying to one, "Are all of you here *without your husbands?*" She laughingly replied, "Oh, yes, we locked them all up and came away." Of course, we

had a good laugh, as that was the last thing a Zenana women could do!

MODERN MIRACLES

Our work in the mohallas, too, often gave us opportunities. Once, when we had brought the magic lantern to a village, some of the higher caste Hindus had gathered on the edge of the sweeper area and had stood entranced through our showing of the Life of Christ. After the meeting these men came up to us and asked that we come and bring the magic lantern to their village. Unfortunately our schedule was full, and we had to make excuses. Nevertheless, from time to time a delegation of upper caste Hindus would come to us, repeating the invitation. After almost a year we finally found time to fulfill the urgent request of the village.

Shortly before sundown we arrived and held a meeting, with the teachers singing and the missionary talked. Meanwhile, Mrs. Donne was setting up the lantern. Just at dark she came to me. "Miss Holman, the lantern will not burn." "Mrs. Donne, the lantern *must* burn tonight. These people have waited almost a year. Work on it awhile, and meanwhile we shall pray." I gathered the teachers together, and we fell on our knees and prayed while one of our number held the crowd's attention. Suddenly, the first of the pictures appeared upon the screen. The teachers immediately started their

accompaniment of songs and Scripture. Never were the pictures so brilliant, the songs so well sung, nor the audience so stirred as on that night. When the crowd had dispersed I said to Mrs. Donne, "The pictures were more wonderful than they have ever been. You must have improved the lantern when you fixed it." "Miss Holman, I didn't do anything, and the lantern was not fixed, as only two lamps were burning, and it has used hardly any carbide at all." Truly a modern miracle.

Agra, India, is not only a wonderful place for a school, but it lends itself a thousandfold to unlimited missionary work. One meets people in this ideal spot from all over the world, and we seem to have many God-given opportunities to reach souls and spread the Word. One instance comes to my mind of a lovely young lady, a missionary from China, who came to see me. She was so anxious to interview me that she sat on my door steps and awaited my return to tell me her story. Hers was one of utmost discouragement, inasmuch as she felt that her money was being spent and she was not satisfied at all with the results. She just needed something or somebody to set her on the right path. After talking with her I realized that she needed a change of scene and some sympathetic and understanding association. Although I was extremely busy at this time, I invited her to join my teachers and myself on a little outing to Sikandra to visit the tomb of the Mogul emperor, Akbar. As we arrived at the tomb I realized that it might be too much for me to climb the steps, as I had a bit of a heart condition,

but after she and my teachers had ascended I had a strong urge to follow them. After asking guidance and assistance from our heavenly Father, I started climbing. All the way I felt that I was almost being carried. On reaching the heights I realized just why I had been impressed to go up. It was a holiday, and many cultured men and women were there, and some were playing cards. When they saw me, they recognized me as a missionary and quickly put the cards away. I stepped over to them. This group consisted mostly of Mohammedans, but some may have been Hindus. Beautifully dressed and most gracious, they spoke to me and asked if I would join them, proffering a seat. I told them I would be most happy, and then went on to say, "You know that I am a missionary—would you like to have me tell you of our work, and pray with you?" Immediately their eyes told me that they were anxious to hear the Word, and then I knew why I had been impressed to suggest the outing, and also to climb the steps. When my group returned (they had gone farther on) they were amazed to see this group of about twenty Mohammedans and Hindus on their knees, praying with me. They listened attentively, and there seemed to be a wave of God's blessing, and a feeling of His nearness as we gathered there in His Name. I never heard of the final sequence of this demonstration, but in my heart I knew firmly that this prayer, like any other spoken for His honor and glory, would never return void. I told my teachers and my new-found friend that they would have been delighted had they been there to watch

the faces, and see with what eagerness the group had hung on my words, just previous to the prayer. My missionary friend caught the vision of ripening fields, and left me greatly heartened.

While I was still in Agra, as principal of Holman Institute, a large cinema theatre, under Moham-medan management, contracted for that wonderful picture, "The King of Kings." The manager came to the mission and asked us to attend as a staff, and to bring as many Christians as possible. As I had not been in the habit of going to the movies, I thanked him, but said we could not attend. After the manager had seen the pictures on the screen he came to us and urged us to come, saying, "The pictures are beautiful." He offered us reserved seats and tickets at half price. We told him that if he would make arrangements to eliminate all hand-clapping and their usual type of music, allowing us to sing appropriate sacred songs at intervals throughout the picture, we would attend. He consented to all but the last request, and went away. Later he came back to say that the management had agreed to all the conditions, and urged us to come. At first, when we asked permission to sing, he said, "A Mohammedan theatre, a Mohammedan management, and you want to sing Christian songs." "Well," I said, "you are using the Christian picture to make money." "Oh, no," he said, "We won't make money. I think it will be a loss. You know it is novels that the people like." "Then," I said, "Why do you do it?" He answered, "It has been asked for so much that we had to." "I think you must come

for the sake of your religion." The challenge was unmistakable. The teachers were called, and eleven songs were chosen, illustrating the death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ. After much praying, the teachers rehearsed these songs. We had guests with us—missionaries from Burma—and some of them went with us and sang. The manager had promised us that there would be no applause, and that he would put a monitor in every row of seats.

The theatre was packed to capacity that night. The pictures were beautiful, and the whole audience was reverent and attentive. Everything was exactly as the representative promised it would be. How the girls sang that night! The audience was inspired and uplifted. Then came one of the most effective climaxes we have ever witnessed in any evangelistic service. It was the scene of Christ's burial. As His friends were laying Him in the grave, the choir began to sing:

"Lo! In the grave He lay
Jesus, My Saviour;
Waiting the coming day,
Jesus, my Lord."

With the burst of a triumphant chorus, instantly the scene changed to one of victory.

"Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes.
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
Arose a Victor with His saints to reign.
He arose, Hallelujah, Christ arose!"

The stone was rolled away, and the glory of His Resurrection was revealed simultaneously, in picture and song. The effect was electric. Just as Christ was seen ascending into heaven, the choir was singing:

“Hallelujah, Christ is risen!
Jesus has gone up on high!”

There was a sprinkling of Christians throughout the audience, and when that triumphant note was struck they could not be still, but joined in the song. Then a hush brooded over the audience which was more than human. The Spirit of God was felt in every soul that night, and the spell was not broken with the ending of the picture. Quietly, without conversation, those two thousand people passed out into the night, to their homes. Who knows but that Christ arose in many a heart as the choir sang that night. From all over the city came testimonials of the tremendous power of that unusual appeal.

TOURING

I have shown you some of the kinds of opportunities we have had for evangelism, and you have seen how we seized such opportunities when they came. Even though we have often been presented with opportunities, the large majority of them were actually planned. They all had to be followed up with good, hard work. Part of my duties as sole

Methodist missionary for the first six and one half years to the Agra area was to act as District Evangelist.

March is one of the months for touring. Towards the latter part of the month it can be very warm. Taking, as we do, our own food, shelter, and servants, this touring can be very tiring, but the rewards are indeed great.

On one particular tour it was often so hot that meetings could be held only early in the morning or late in the evening, and consequently we often had supper about midnight. Our means of conveyance was either a tonga or an ox cart, and we spent part of the day bouncing over primitive roads and scarcely defined paths. How grateful we were for rest! But how worthwhile it was!

When we reached one of the villages we found that all but the sick, the blind, and the small children had gone to the fields for the day, to work and to glean. I questioned an old Christian woman on the usual subjects they were supposed to know. She did not seem to know anything, but in her old, dark face there was an unmistakable expression that is not found in the face of a non-Christian. I said to her, "Well, are you happy?" "Oh, yes, I am very happy." "What makes you happy?" "Because I am saved—because I am a Child of God, and not Satan's slave." In my talk in a former meeting I had spoken on Romans 6:23, "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Also, I brought in John 1:12. "But as many as received Him, to them gave He

power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name."

I had emphasized the difference between life and death, between sons of God and slaves of Satan. While her untutored mind could not memorize, her hungry heart had grasped the truth.

It would be splendid to be able to stay in a village and teach the people until they knew something perfectly, but is it not better that more should know even as little as this poor, old, ignorant woman, who never had a chance to learn to read? There are munshis to teach the people, but when you think of one man being responsible for the religious instruction of Christians of from twelve to twenty villages, is it not surprising that we find them knowing as much as they do?

A little later that evening, in the leather worker's mohalla of this same village, ten Christian young men who had been in the harvest fields all day, hearing of the meeting, came without their evening meal and walked up to the front to confess Christ before the non-Christians. One young man was especially keen, and his testimony had a wonderful effect upon the bystanders. He urged the Christian young men to stand true, and not be ashamed of Jesus.

The next evening we went to the village of C. In a very short time one hundred and thirty-six men and women were gathered, and heard us gladly. We preached unto them Jesus. The women begged me to stay longer, and took hold of me to make me stay until I told them more. It was late, so the native preacher and the munshi had to clear a way for me

to get out. I almost weep now when I think of it. The men, too, were most interested, and begged to hear more. I spoke to one unusually bright young man and asked him if he had ever heard about Jesus before. He said no, that it was the first time a missionary had ever been to their village. A few days later we were passing this same village and did not go in, but the people called out to us. "We are waiting for you." It was then midday, and the sun at that time is very dangerous. "I am sorry, but I cannot go—it is too hot." "Oh, come, if only for half an hour. We have a nice cool room. You will not have to sit in the sun. We are all gathered and have come from the harvest fields to hear you." "Why have you called us?" "Because we want to hear more of what you told us before." They said that they were ready to become Christians and they wanted a teacher. Romans 10: 13-17 came to my mind. "How shall they hear without a preacher?" God gave us the strength to give them a message, but we had to leave them still hungering for more.

We did not reach our next village until about eight o'clock that evening. We had not sent word that we were coming, but in about fifteen minutes after our arrival we had an audience of between three and four hundred people. Many of them had just come from the harvest fields. They were tired and hungry, but nevertheless they stood for nearly an hour and gave rapt attention to the Gospel story. I asked all who wanted salvation through Jesus Christ to raise their hands. About one hundred hands went up instantly. I thought perhaps they did

not understand what they were doing, so I asked those who had thought very seriously about this to raise their hands. I saw from their faces, and from the murmuring of those at the front that they thought I did not trust them. I said, "I do believe that you mean what you say." It took a little more reasoning, but they raised their hands again—almost as many as before.

We did not sing as we left the village because we did not want the people to follow us, but six men persisted, and would not return until they had received baptism. On our way home we were met again by another delegation to take us to their village. We went, although it was very late. Twenty-four men and women were baptized. We left there about midnight, and reached our tents at one-thirty in the morning.

After these baptisms the persecutions began. Men came from other villages to frighten and threaten them, so that others were afraid to be baptized when we went back a few days later. It was in the morning when the people had gone to their work; however, there were about one hundred present, mostly men, since the women were afraid to come.

In an object lesson which I was using, a young lad helped me. He had received baptism the former evening. When his mother saw him she was terribly afraid, and came and ordered him to go to the fields and work. But he was anxious to know more. She pulled and dragged and pounded him, but still he fought to remain. I could have asked some one to help, but I let them fight on, for it helped out

the lesson I was giving. At the close of the object lesson this young lad received a present. Then I said, "If this young boy had not persevered as he did, and overcome the opposition of his mother, he would never have received this gift. Many of you are going to let your friends keep you from receiving God's Gift of Eternal Life because you are not willing to endure persecution for the sake of obtaining salvation."

We continued our itinerary, notwithstanding the hot days, through the last of March and the first of April. At an early morning meeting at Ch——, we had a steady audience of three hundred people for an hour. Non-Christians came and went continually. I tried to have a little private meeting with the Christian women, but crowds of non-Christians pushed in. Some one called my attention to the number of Mohammedan women sitting on the roof of the preacher's house, and asked me to raise my voice so that they might also hear. After this I had a call to go to the school house to give the children a message. It was crowded with young and old. After the children's meeting we tried to send the multitude away. The pastor and the munshi's wife induced the people to leave, but soon there was a great deal of pounding on the door. Others had heard about the meetings and had come to hear the lady missionary. I asked that the doors might be opened, and the school room was filled again, and again we told the story of Christ Who had died to save a sinful world. After this the pastor insisted on my having a little rest. I had risen at four in the

morning and had taken a long ride over rough roads, and at this time the heat was overpowering. For a while I was quiet in a large unfurnished room, kindly loaned me by a friendly Mohammedan. In a short time a woman came to me, enquiring the way to salvation. For half an hour I taught her. Then about one-thirty in the afternoon I had a little breakfast—my first meal since the very early coffee. Again I tried to be quiet awhile, but soon there was a knocking on the door. The munshi's wife came to tell me that the Zenana women were waiting for me. I said, "The sun is too hot yet." After the third pathetic call, I went to them. We had a veranda in an open court where we held a meeting for the women and children, but it was soon too crowded. I asked if there was not a larger place where we could have a women's meeting. As we started out we were called on every side, "Come here. Come here." We accepted an invitation to use a room that had been ready for Zenana women. I looked in at the door. Yes, it was clean; all the rugs in that mohalla had been collected and spread on the floor; two or three cane stools had been placed there, and even a small table. But as we turned aside and refused to go in, the man who brought us there said, "Why, it is clean," I could see by the look on his face that he was disappointed and did not realize that women, like men, need God's own pure, fresh air. That little room with its low, thatched roof and mud walls, and no windows nor ventilation except the tiny door which would be blocked with faces when the room was full, having

about one hundred and fifty women packed into it, and with the Indian sun pouring down upon the already hot hut, would have been unbearable within a very short time. I went back to where the native preacher was holding a meeting for the men under a large shade tree. Men, women, and children soon gathered, and in less than ten minutes we had between three and four hundred people eagerly listening to the message. This meeting closed at five o'clock. We announced that another meeting would be held at six o'clock.

At quarter of six people began to gather. By six o'clock we had a large audience, thus making the tenth meeting for the day. Every time Christ's sufferings for a dying world were told, many hands were raised for prayer. When we left the village a multitude followed, but we asked them not to come. One man followed us a very long distance. The preacher asked him what he wanted. He said that he was deeply interested about the salvation of his soul. He asked if he might come the next day and receive baptism. He was thoroughly questioned and believed to be ready, and was baptized right there in the road. It was now very late and there was nearly a two-hour drive before us. The thunder and lightening and heavy dark clouds warned us that rain was near. We knew that it was impossible to reach our camp before the rain overtook us. We prayed as we rode along, and asked our heavenly Father to take care of us, and bring to the minds of those in charge of the camp that a drain would need to be cut around the tents. It was, as usual, "Be-

fore they call, I will answer." When we reached the camp in the pouring rain the drains had been dug around the tents, and no harm had been done. Thus ended one strenuous day in a missionary's life.

Often we did not make scheduled stops, so eager were the people to hear the Word. One evening, while touring, we met oxen and drivers coming back to the village from the fields. As we passed through the village, the men stopped to look at us, then some one recognized the missionary lady and called to us to stop. Our driver urged the oxen on all the more, for night would be on us all too soon, and there were places on the journey which must be passed before dark. We could not stop a moment. Two men, fleet of foot, ran after us and tried to get us to stop. Heartless as it may seem, I said, "If you will walk along by the ox-cart, I will talk to you." So, as we jolted along through the jungle, we explained to them the way of salvation. We did not know that we might ever see them again. One was a Christian, the other an enquirer. They followed us quite a distance, receiving instruction under these circumstances. We did stop for a few minutes, however, while we prayed with them. They returned to their village to tell others what they had learned, but not before we saw the joy gleaming in their faces. They left us with great gratitude and salaams.

As we went along, other villages called, but in vain. We could not even wait to give them a message. It is impossible to talk incessantly. Many had to be sent away and told to come again. That is the hardest part in a missionary's life—not what she does,

but what she is not able to do, especially when people come for the Bread of Life. Sometimes when I have gone in the evening to hold a meeting in a mohalla, and have had to pick my steps through the narrow little streets by the light of a lantern, my eyes smarting with the smoke of burning cow dung, I have thought that those are most to be pitied who know only the touch of carpeted floors and electric lights, and do not know the joy of service for the Lord when it leads through paths less pleasant to our taste and comfort.

The rewards are, indeed, great. Vivid is the memory of another day's ride in an ox cart, over primitive roads, thirty-two miles long. The cart we rode in could be used for a modern mode of punishment. You sit on your feet, your head bumps against the top and sides, as you jolt along behind the slow but patient oxen, who do not feel the heat of the sun as you do.

We arrived about ten-thirty in the morning in an old, quaint, remote village which is interesting for its ancient buildings and architecture. A large crowd had already gathered to welcome us upon our arrival. For a little while we listened to some telling the history of the place. Everything was so very interesting. Above all, the Christians were telling me about a wonderful woman who did so much Christian work, and how much the people loved and respected her. They said that she had been the wife of a low-paid worker, and after his death she kept on with the work without pay, taking whatever was given her for food. She went from house to house,

praying, preaching, and singing with the people of that village. Then she took care of the children of the wife of the munshi, who would walk to other villages. On market days she talked to the women in the market-place when they came to sell their vegetables, shoes, and cloth. She also taught a group of women who came regularly to the munshi's house to hear the Gospel. "Where is she?" "Oh, she is coming!"

I looked around, expecting to see a wonderful-looking, strong, handsome woman, but instead, to my surprise, she was only a fragile little cripple, walking with arthritic hands placed on boards, with which she helped herself to inch along. Far from being an object of pity, her face made up for her deformities. I shall never forget that little widow's beaming face as she listened with intense interest to the Gospel.

I have traveled over mountain and plain, and have seen beautiful scenery. I have wearied myself to find the most famous pictures in our galleries, but this picture has been engraved on my soul—the light of the Love of Christ that I saw in that weary, pinched, fever-stricken, pain-worn face of the little crippled widow. It was, to me, a fore-shadow of the joy of heaven, and a glimpse of the value of a ransomed soul.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."
(Daniel 12:3)

There comes to my mind a pleasant memory.

While on a visit to my sister in the Punjab, and touring in the villages, we had to take many train trips. At one inconvenient stop, there was just a siding with no shelter; we learned that we had to wait for two hours. It was late and cold, To our great surprise, a servant appeared with a note, bearing a kind invitation to come over to a bungalow and wait for our train. The writer of this note was an educated, wealthy Indian gentleman. There were a number of people present, and they received us royally. Our host said, "We heard that there were two missionaries waiting at the station, and we thought it was too bad for you to wait so long in the cold." They served us tea and refreshments, then our host said, "Wouldn't you like to tell us something about your religion and your Bible? We would like to hear about it."

Our host and his friends all spoke very fine English. It is not a difficult thing for any one who knows and loves Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, and who knows their Bible, to witness for Him. The audience listened with great interest, and we had a blessed time of prayer. When our train came, we left our new-found friends, grateful for their kindness, and grateful to our heavenly Father for one more opportunity to witness for Him.

While touring in the villages in the Aligarh district, the pastor said, "Would you mind going to a sunrise meeting tomorrow morning?" I replied, "It has been my custom on Sundays to work in the village where my camp is, to avoid any long-distance traveling for the workers and the pony." "In

the particular village where this meeting is to be held," said the pastor, "there is a shrine that we have not been able to break down. It is a great hindrance to the children in this Christian village. This has not been destroyed because the head man of that mohalla, who has not accepted Christ, will not allow it to be broken." "Very well," I replied, "We will go and be there before sunrise."

While the meeting was in progress this man returned from his work and raised a commotion even at the thought of having the shrine broken. It was built of masonry, and fairly high. He climbed to the top, and then in very loud tones shouted, "My forefathers built this shrine, and I will not have it broken. You may break my head, but you'll not break this shrine!"

We spoke to the Christians. "Go on your knees and pray." A large number of the workers knelt while the missionary spoke to the crowd, explained the plan of salvation, and asked whether they would accept Jesus as their Saviour, or continue to worship idols, which latter was absolutely against the command of God. By this time quite a crowd had gathered, and at least two hundred people were present. On one side were Hindus and Mohammedans, and on the other side were the Christians of the sweeper mohalla. The pastor said, "We may as well go. We cannot break this shrine." "Oh, no," I said, "we will not go—keep praying. We came at sunrise, and we will not leave before sunset, but this shrine will be broken before we go." Hearing this announcement, more of the Christians went on

their knees, and some real praying was done. The missionary continued to address the audience. The old man got off the shrine and came towards the missionary in a great rage. She said, "In the Mighty Name of Jesus, I command the evil spirit to come out of you."

The evil spirit had left him. He tottered to the ground, whispering, "Pray for me! Pray for me!"

God was most gracious and heard our prayer and his. This man gave the order for the shrine to be broken, and accepted Christ. There had been a great conflict—almost like Elijah on Mt. Carmel, between Baal and the true God—but God answered prayers. There was great praise and thanksgiving, and the scene changed from the raging of the evil one to praise of God. "Yessu Masih Ki Jai!" ("Victory to Jesus!")

We went back to the camp feeling that a big day's work had been done. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." (Eph. 6:12) However, Jesus has given us the authority to use His Name. God has given to Him a Name which is above every Name, and at the Name of Jesus every knee shall bow, in heaven and earth and hell. Jesus has conquered Satan. He is a conquered foe. In Colossians 2:15 we read: "And having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it."

That night I felt very ill, and decided that I must

go home. I had made a mistake in placing my hand upon the shoulder of the demon-possessed man when I commanded the evil spirit to leave him. When the spirit left, as he had to do when commanded in the Name of Christ, he vented his fury by striking me a blow in the chest. From that moment I was ill, and grew steadily worse. The next morning I sent for the civil surgeon, who was afraid that it would develop into a bad case of pneumonia. That day the Lord said to me, "This illness will not leave you without prayer." I said, "Please get someone to pray for me, Lord, I am too sick to pray for myself." The next day when the surgeon came, he found me up and dressed. I sent word to the man in charge of the tents to bring in all the camping equipment, as I was not able to go out on camping tours any more. This man—a Christian—told me how the Christian women and girls came and sat at the door of the tent, weeping and praying, when they heard that I was not coming to them. They had been without visitation from a missionary for three years, and were hungering and thirsting for ministration.

The Lord did get some one to pray for me that day, and that was why I was raised up. A missionary friend of mine later wrote to me and asked, "What was the matter with you on March 5th? I had to pray for you a very long time before I could get the answer." I looked it up and wrote to her the story, telling her what God had accomplished through her prayers.

The Lord not only answered that prayer, but he answered the prayer for an automobile, and the

next year I was able, with my new car, to go to this village and to other places, many times, where they were hungry for the Word of Life, and where they had cried for a teacher. What a difference a car makes to a missionary!

Many times we were asked what the Christians would do when the British left. I have always had a hopeful answer, to the effect that God never calls us to a work and then lets us down. Some Christians may suffer, but if they stand firm on the Rock, God will see them through. God watches over His Word to perform it. "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." (Phil. 1:6)

One of the teachers at Holman Institute used to pray daily, "Let not the good seed of the Word that has been sown be lost."

When working in a village one day I needed to leave a note for the preacher, who happened to be away. I found I did not have a pen or pencil in my purse, so I went to a government office across the street. When I told him of my errand, he offered me a seat at his desk, and when I had written my note I began to talk about the Lord. We came immediately to a point of contact. I said, "Oh! You believe that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the world?" "I not only believe that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the world, but I believe He is my Saviour."

"Oh, how good! Will you tell me how you came to accept Him as your Saviour?"

He said, "When I was in college I studied the

Bible under Dr. Janvier, and I was convinced that Jesus Christ is the only Way of salvation. There are two hundred Mohammedans like myself in a secret society who are Christians at heart, and are just waiting for the proper time when we can be baptized."

Dr. Janvier happened to be in Agra at the time, and I had the pleasure of telling him about our conversation. Dr. Janvier's eyes filled with tears of joy that God had watched over His Word. He said, "Oh, Miss Holman! It is worth a trip to Agra to hear this." We have no idea how many secret Christians there are in India, who have heard the Word. This is only one little incident.

One morning a very handsome young Mohammedan, not quite eighteen years of age, came to my door and asked to see the principal of the school.

"You are speaking with her, what is it that you want?"

"I want to know more about the Christian religion and about the Bible, and how to be saved."

I offered him a seat, and we began to talk about God's plan of salvation. He was very easy to talk with because he had been a student in a mission boarding school.

He said, "I had an English boy friend who was going there, and I wanted to go with him. My father indulged me, and wanted me to speak better English, so he allowed me to go. Of course, I had to study the Bible. Many times I was ahead of the Christian boys, and took lots of prizes, but I never gave it very much thought at the time. Since leav-

ing school I have been thinking very much about it. I believe that there is no other way but the Name of Jesus. I want to have my soul saved."

We studied together every morning for about two weeks. I gave him many passages of Scripture to be memorized, such as John 3:16, Acts 4:12, John 5:24. He was an apt scholar and learned his lessons very quickly, but that was not all. The seed of the Word had taken root in his heart and mind, and the sword of the Spirit had pricked his conscience, and he was awakened to the fact that unless he accepted Christ he was a lost soul. One day I invited him to accompany us to an entertainment in one of the colleges. He said, "No, indeed, I do not want any entertainment, I only want to know that my soul is saved." One morning, while we were praying together, the Spirit helping our infirmities, he took God at His Word, and fully understood John 1:12: "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name."

This young man was so very happy when he was born again into the family of God that, when he went home to his friend's house he could not refrain from telling them. But alas, better that he had been like our other friend, and tried to keep it to himself for awhile. Later he said, "I was so happy I just couldn't help it, but when I told them they went against me, and I have had no sleep all night. I have to find a new place to stay, for I do not want to leave Agra until I know more about the Christian religion."

There came a day when his money gave out and he had to leave. He wrote home to his brother for money, and received a nice letter by return mail, asking him to meet his brother in a native state. He wrote me from the native state, "I am growing weaker every day." I wrote to him to get out of the native state as soon as possible and get into British territory. Later I had a letter saying he was passing through Agra, but he couldn't come to see me because he was so closely watched, and was unable to walk. I had asked him before he left Agra if he thought his life was in danger. He gave a sad little laugh. "There is no way of knowing what they will do." I have never heard from him since, but I know his soul is saved.

He had wonderful ambitions. His father had left him quite a sum of money. He said his ambition was, if he could raise enough money, to start a Bible school. He wasn't quite of age, so his brother had charge of his money. One reason he wanted to become a Christian was that his brother was making arrangements for his marriage. He said if he was not baptized before he was married he would never have another chance. Oh! Why do young men in this country think so little about their soul's salvation, when it is so easy for them! I have known many very fine young men who were persecuted because they were Christians.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found. Call ye upon Him while He is near." (Isaiah 55:6)

There were times when it was too wet and muddy to go out into the villages, but the villages, on one

occasion came to us. I had a very full day. I think about four hundred or more people came and went during the day, and sometimes I talked to a group of fifty at a time. It is impossible to talk incessantly, and many had to be sent away and told to come again.

One day I fell ill from the dampness and the difficult riding. We did three villages that day, but I could not take a morsel of food, and had to retire as soon as we got home. However, some one prayed for me that night—or morning, as it would be for you—and the next day I started off again, my ills forgotten.

We had a lovely mango grove to pitch our tents in. On Sundays we usually remained in camp and had meetings. On this trip we had seven meetings on Sunday; two large gatherings and five small ones. There was a wonderfully mixed crowd of high and low caste people, some eager to find the way of salvation, others curious, and a few critical.

A moving camp day is always very hard. Sometimes it is difficult to get the men to pitch the tents. On this particular tour of the villages we had a good deal of rain out of season, and on returning home one evening from the villages, the rain came down in torrents. The man in charge of the tents had gone to the city. For two hours and a half I stood out in the rain and hail, helping the servants make little trenches to carry off the water. A servant who was carrying clay from a little distance to add to our embankment, while filling his pail, unearthed a great snake, and we discovered that we had been

digging into a snake hole. Our resources were cut off from that quarter. We were four miles from any other shelter, so it was fight for your life. All the tents but mine had fallen down. I noticed the front pole of my tent beginning to shake. I sprang to the pole, steadying it, and calling for help. It seems wrong to call this a coincidence, but just at this time the man who had charge of the tents arrived, and proceeded to tighten the pegs. He said had he been ten minutes later the tent would have collapsed. The water flowed through the bathroom of my tent like a river.

I am glad that we had the storm, for it taught me to know my Father's care in a very real way, and also to understand and sympathize with the people. The old munshi and his wife, the Bible reader, and the others who were in camp had to sit all that night of the storm under the awning of my tent. Every time I awakened—and I was the only one who slept—I heard them praying.

I was distressed with the great rats that raced over my tent and jumped on my bed like cats, awakening me in the night. The heavy rains had driven them out of their holes. The rats are a real menace because they disseminate the plague, but I did not mind anything because the people came and got a blessing. There were several wet days, but hundreds of people came to the tent between the showers.

After the three days of rain were over we started for some distant villages again. On the way the preacher in charge fell ill, but we stopped on the

road, under a large shade tree, and prayed for him. He was able to go on, and walked several miles where the roads were not good, as there were five of us in one little cart. We visited a non-Christian village that day, and there were many enquirers. We preached to crowds. This time we had people on four sides, and it was hard to make them all hear. It was difficult to leave that village, but there were others waiting to hear us. People of all classes left their harvest fields, and other work, and came to listen. We gave them a lesson from the text, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap", using object lessons. We also had the fields of ripening grain before us, and a bit of waste ground for illustration. It was amazing how well they understood. A great number came forward for prayer, and we knew some seed had fallen on good ground, because, a little later, in the same village, some of these people came to a meeting that we had intended for Christians only. The compound was crowded with men, women and children, Christians and non-Christians. Several took a decided stand for Christ. They sincerely desired to receive Christian training. There were several baptisms in that village.

In the next village, although it was late in the evening, we were able to talk with many Christians, also a large number of non-Christians. At first the high caste people would not come near because the low caste people were there. I asked them, "Where is the road to Delhi?" They pointed it out to me. "I suppose you won't go to Delhi because so many people travel on that road—high and low caste,"

They were quick to catch the point, smiled, and came quite near enough to hear. I told the story of the rich man and Lazarus, and how there was only one way of salvation for all.

During some of our evangelistic tours we visited villages where missionaries and preachers have not been able to go for years because of the shortage of Christian workers. There was also a shortage of bicycles for the preachers who had so many villages in their circuits, and a lack of means of transportation for other Christian workers.

I remember in one village, when I was leaving in my little two-wheel cart, the people surrounded the vehicle and pleaded for more teaching, and the men put their arms around the pony's neck and would not allow him to go on. When we finally made our way out of the village, the cries of the people, "When will you come again?" almost broke our hearts, knowing that we would never be able to go back. We longed to do so, but there were so many calls from other Christian villages who wanted and needed more teaching that we could not reach them all.

On this same tour we went to another village where people had been baptized, but it was the same old story of not enough workers, the impossibility of the missionary getting around to them all, and for lack of teaching the people had lapsed back into idol worship. In this little Christian mohalla there had been an altar built, and they were sacrificing chickens. They could not afford any more expensive offering. How those dear, hungry souls wel-

came to us that morning, so eager to know more of the way of salvation. We explained to them how wrong it was to build this shrine when Christ had been offered a Sacrifice once for all, Heb. 9:8-28 and as they had once accepted Him as their Saviour it was most sinful for them, now, to offer the blood of animals or birds to cleanse from sin. They wept and prayed, pleading forgiveness. What lingers in my memory, and will as long as I live, is the desperate plea of that tall, fine Indian man, the head of the village, who followed our little cart for a mile or more, repeating over and over again, with folded hands, "Send us a teacher! Please send us a teacher! You have left us a long time. Please send us a teacher for our children." That plea goes into my system until I am compelled to write it in this book, that some one may go, give, or send, obeying the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark 16:15) "How shall they hear without a preacher?" (Rom. 10:14)

RUG MAKING

On the platform of the Methodist church in Agra there is a lovely rug, lantern pattern, in beautiful colors; also a long rug of the same pattern in the main aisle of the church, both made in the rug department of the Holman Institute.

After a little experience a rug for the church was started by a class of boys. When the rug master

had been there six months, and the rug was half finished, he decided to take his vacation and go home, as he had left his family in another part of the country.

The two older boys, who had put their heart and soul into the work, asked if they might go on with the rug during the holidays. They said, "We have to earn our living, for we do not want to go back to our old work, sweeping streets and cleaning drains." The rug master positively refused to let them work in his absence. He locked up the materials and looms and brought me the keys. Again the boys came to me in deep earnest, "Do let us work on the rug. If we are not earning money here, our parents will make us work elsewhere, and we don't want to leave you."

"Will you be as faithful when no one is looking after you as when the rug master is here?"

"Oh! Yes, we will, Miss Sahiba." As the object of our school is character-building and soul-saving, rather than the sale of rugs, I decided to let them work, with the thought that it might spoil a rug, but it could save the boys.

Before the school re-opened, the rug master returned. When he saw the boys working, and witnessed the good work they had done, he was so angry and jealous that he went away, and I have never heard from him nor seen him since.

The day came when the work was finished, and the boys came to me with sparkling eyes to tell me the rug was done. We called the teachers to join us and made a victorious procession to the church with

the rug on the shoulders of the boys. The rug was laid down, and we walked upon it with a feeling of glorious victory. We asked the teachers which part of the rug was the best, and they all exclaimed with one voice, "This side is better than that." This was the work the boys had done without a teacher. We said, "Now you have done such a good job, we will let you start on a wool rug." (The large rug had been made of jute)

Rugs made in Holman Institute are now in various parts of the world; in England, United States, and Canada. During the last war the American soldiers bought every rug they could get, and left orders for more.

The two boys who had completed the rug for the church were in charge of the rug department for years, and one, Lala, is still the head master of the class. At first the boys worked for quantity rather than quality, as they were paid by the inch and it was necessary for them to make as much money as possible. The rugs were not selling very well, so I talked seriously with the boys, and told them they must aim at perfection. If the rugs did not sell, we would have to close this work. The boys took this very much to heart, especially Lala. Very soon all Lala's rugs that were in the show room were sold to tourists.

One day he brought me a very special rug. It was beautiful, and perfect. I said, "Lala, I think you are praying about your rugs and your work, for there is not a single rug of yours unsold, and this one is perfect." "Yes, Miss Sahiba, from the day you

talked to us about better work I never put in a rug but I asked God to help me to make it perfect, and to keep me from making mistakes." A professor from California, on hearing the story about the boy who prayed over his rugs, said, "I want to buy a rug," and took one of Lala's rugs away with him. He also sent back orders for more.

The other boy found a more remunerative position elsewhere. When he first came to the school he was keen on learning to read and write. He had to do his work before he came to school, and to save time he ran all the way to school in his midday two hours of rest time. It was about a mile, and he would be so exhausted when he arrived that at times he would suffer from a raging fever. I often asked the teacher to let him lie down to take his lessons. This I could do, as we had a separate room for these older boys. He made great progress in his school work, especially in drawing. When rug making was introduced he asked his grandmother to help support him until he was able to draw pay, which he did in a very short time, for he was remarkably clever.

We will let the Minister of Education and Industries tell what he thinks, from a copy of a letter written after his visit to the school.

"I paid a visit to Holman Institute this morning, accompanied by the Inspector of Schools, and found everything in perfect order. The students, who mostly belonged to the depressed classes, appeared to be well looked after, and were healthy and cheerful.

"A unique feature of this institution is that the staff is composed of trained lady teachers, which is a great stimulus to co-education. There is no gainsaying the fact that women, by their very natures, are more sympathetic, and consequently better adapted for the teaching of children. The school has an industrial side, also, where instruction is imparted in rug making and cloth weaving. I saw some beautiful specimens of runs of rugs prepared at the institute, and the design and workmanship left nothing to be desired. The institution is doing very useful work, and I wish it still further success in the future."

CITY EVANGELISM

After a meeting in a sweeper mohalla in the city, a man came to us and besought us to come to their house and see his little son, who was badly burned. The cook stove of an Indian home is usually built of brick and mud, and set on the floor. Either wood or charcoal is used for fuel. The mother sits on the floor or on a very low stool, about four inches high, and bakes her bread, or flat cakes, on a very hot iron cooking utensil. When the cake is almost done she draws out some hot coal and throws the bread on the coals until it puffs like a popover; then she brushes off the ashes, and it is ready to eat. It is delicious.

This little chap had fallen into the hot coals, and

was terribly burned. When they called us, nothing had been done for him. The burn and shock were too much for the little fellow. My nurse and others begged me not to go—these people were superstitious, and they felt that if the child died the parents would blame me. Of course, the people were non-Christians. However, we went, and the moment I saw the precious little fellow I knew he was dying. I said, "I do not think he will get better. Would you like to have me pray to my Jesus that when he dies, Jesus will take him into His lovely home in heaven?" As quick as a flash all these poor people were on their knees with bowed heads. I prayed, "Dear Father in heaven, hear Thou our prayer for this little boy, and take him, when he dies, into Your lovely heavenly home. We ask this in the Name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, Who loved little children, and took them in His arms and blessed them. He said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Comfort these parents; grant that they may know that their little son is with Thee, and grant that they may come to Thee. Thou hast said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' May these people come to know Jesus Christ the Saviour of the World. We ask this, Heavenly Father, in Jesus' Name. Amen."

Just after the prayer the angels took him to be with Jesus. The parents seemed comforted. Non-Christians have so little comfort about their dead.

ZENANA WORK

Some years ago an Anglo-Indian lady was engaged by the Methodist mission to do Zenana work in Agra. For some years it had to be dropped because her salary was not furnished, but after I had started the school in Agra I saw that we were losing a great deal by not doing Zenana work, so I called Miss Herring again. When she returned to some of the homes the women said, "Oh, you have come back again after so many years." They welcomed Miss Herring with joy. She had two hundred and sixty-five families that she visited in the Zenanas. The women begged us to come and teach them. Little girls with folded hands and moist eyes pleaded, "Do come and teach us. Tell us when you will come. You said last time you would stay longer, but today you cannot stay. Other people tell us things about the world, but no one, since you were here, has ever told us the things that you do. Why did you leave us?" These women and girls, because of the Zenana customs, cannot go out of their home to come to us. Often the men, too, would follow us to the carriage and ask us to come again and teach their women. I said, "We will teach them the Bible." "That is all right—come." It would require a book of its own to give a complete report of Miss Herring's work.

One day in one of the homes we had an audience of about fifty women and children. This was just before one of the great Hindu festivals. The women

were preparing for their usual non-Christian worship. I asked them questions about their type of worship, which they answered as well as they could, but they did not know why they did it. It was so degrading, and they were so innocent and ignorant, that it made me sick, and while the teachers were singing I sat down and wept a little. One innocent little woman insisted on knowing what the trouble was with me. A teacher explained to her that it was because of the foolish and degrading worship they were preparing for, and because they did not know Jesus, the Way, the Truth and the Life. The little woman came straight to me, and in a sympathetic tone, accompanied with a gentle touch of her hand, said, "Don't weep. If it is wrong, we won't do it."

Whose fault is it that they are in darkness, while we have the Light?

One of the reasons that I believe that Christianity is established in India is because of the work that is done through the Zenanas by the Bible women and missionaries. I had an assistant in my boarding school in Aligarh who was a convert from Hinduism through a missionary who had taught in her home. Her father was rather broad-minded, and allowed this little widow to learn to read. After she became far enough advanced to read her Bible she studied it constantly. In telling about it, she said, "I came to this conclusion—there is nothing for me in Hinduism—there is everything for me in Christianity. I must become a Christian." So, one night, taking her two-year-old baby in her

arms, she crept quietly out of her father's home and found her way, at two o'clock in the morning, to the Mission compound. She told her story, was taken in by the missionaries, and sent secretly to a boarding school. Her father would allow her to learn to read, but he would not allow her to become a Christian. Although he was wealthy, she was subjected to all the deprivations of a child-widow; a dark room, coarse food, coarse garments, and all her jewelry taken away.

This young widow, at the age of fourteen, did well in her studies and became a teacher. She was for some years my assistant. Her baby girl, when she was in Lucknow college, spent two Christmas vacations with her mother in my home, and the last I heard from this daughter she was the head of a college. God hears the widow's prayer.

One time while touring in the villages, the pastor asked me if I were willing to go to a very remote village where they had never seen a missionary lady, and speak to the women. I had to ride in an ox cart over very bad roads, but I was willing to do it, and we set out at four o'clock in the morning. It was a most interesting day. After we had had the morning meeting, we went in the afternoon to a Zenana home where a large number of women were gathered together to meet the missionary, and to hear her talk. After I had spoken a little while, I said to the pastor, "Do these women know any Bhajans or Gospel songs?" He looked at me in great surprise. "Why, Miss Sahiba, of course they don't. Who would teach them? I can't come to a

Zenana to teach—my wife cannot come, she could never take this journey, so who would teach them?" Although I had spoken in English, I seemed to have been understood by the head woman, who was apparently a leader among them. I saw a twinkle in her eye as she signaled to the women sitting on the ground. They burst forth into jubilant singing, and sang several Bhajans, to the surprise of us all. A little child-bride sat very close to me all the time I was talking, and put her dainty little hand into mine. She caught my sleeve and pulled me down to listen as she whispered in her sweet childish voice the Lord's Prayer, several verses of Scripture, and the Ten Commandments. "My dear child, where did you learn all this?" She replied, "Before I was married and came here, a missionary used to come to our house and teach us all these things about the Bible and Jesus Christ. I put my arm around the dainty little girl and asked, "Did you teach them all this?" "Yes, I am teaching them."

In this Zenana work, little children in the homes listen to the teaching of the Bible. Many of these boys will grow up with an understanding of the Christian religion, and it will have its effect on Hinduism, even as this little child-bride carried the Gospel where no missionary had ever been.

CHRISTMAS DINNERS

Perhaps there is no better way to show the growth of the school than by comparing our first and last Christmas dinners. As you have already noted, in the beginning our school was very poor, but we prayed for a Christmas dinner for these two hundred and fifty children, and it was sent to us by the ravens, in the garb of khaki. The English soldiers of the Soldiers' Home went caroling in the lobbies of hotels, explaining that any proceeds would be used to feed the poor on Christmas Day. A check was sent to us Christmas morning which covered all the expenses of this dinner.

At that first dinner we used plates made of leaves, held together with thorns. Although these plates were thick and strong (they were purchased in the bazaar because they were inexpensive) the children lost most of the good, rich gravy. We ate our Christmas dinner sitting on the ground in the compound, but it was a very happy time. The joy was great at seeing these hungry children eat their fill. Huge pails of palao and curry were carried around by the male servants, and the children's plates were filled and refilled until they could eat no more. They carried home what was left on their plates. The water carrier, from the goatskin water bag slung on his back, poured the water into the cupped hands of the children, who drank as he poured. Nevertheless, it was a time of joy, and the air was filled with the atmosphere of Christmas.

What a contrast was the last Christmas dinner we gave, when I was leaving the school to retire. In addition to the dinner for the five hundred enrolled pupils, we gave what we called an Old Boys' Dinner. Instead of eating on the ground in the compound, as they had at that first dinner, when they were children, they ate in the large assembly hall which was decorated by the teachers. This spacious hall was like a flower show. Beautiful potted chrysanthemums were placed on all four sides. Lovely cut flowers and roses, sent in by hotels and private friends, decorated the twenty-five tables, which were covered with dainty, hand-embroidered cloths made by the teachers. There were Indian drinking tumblers at each place, with paper napkins folded in the shape of fans, and a handsome Christmas card for each diner, sent in by a friend in America. The good china plates had been hired in the bazaar. The large platform, reserved for the high table at which were seated special guests, was covered with Oriental rugs which had been made by the boys in the school, and the walls were hung with rugs. The ceiling was gaily festooned with colored balloons and hand-made paper decorations.

The delicious dinner was palao and meat curry, with Indian sweets for dessert, which make even a European's mouth water. The dinner was cooked by hired professionals who brought their own cauldrons. The serving was really unique. The waiters were our own boys, and they formed two lines, one carrying the filled plates, and the other line going back for more with empty plates. At the ringing of

of a bell, the old boys who had collected in the compound marched in order through a side door, and were met by the teacher-hostesses, who led them to their respective tables. Can you imagine the pride of a mother, when seeing her four hundred handsome young men, all well-groomed and wearing dark, tailor-made coats and ties, seated at these beautiful tables? Many of them were high school students, or held good positions. Invitations had been sent out to many, but only four hundred could come.

Carols were sung by the school surplice choir, from the choir loft, and after the dinner suitable addresses were given by several fine speakers. A few of the old boys begged to give a few words of appreciation, while letters were read from some of those who could not attend.

During the Christmas Season we had a special day set aside for prize-giving. At this gathering special sweets and fruits were distributed among the children, with a little prize for each one. As this was a gala day, with invited guests and parents, we always delved into our large stock of clothes, which had been begged, borrowed or given, and saw that each child was dressed up for the occasion. At the end of the day, of course, the children had to be divested of this borrowed finery, and once more clothed in their own things. The school clothes were then sent to be cleaned, and were stored away for the next important occasion. There was always much disappointment and bitter tears from the younger children every time they had to give back

their party clothes, and don the old ones. However, an announcement had been made, on this last prize-giving day just before they assembled, that they could keep their borrowed clothes; they did not have to give them back. As I was seated on the platform, watching the children file into the hall, I glanced out of the window and saw, to my amazement, first one, then another little tot, fully dressed and clean, running down the driveway and through the gate just as fast as his tiny legs would carry him. After noting about thirty little runaways, I sought out one of the teachers and asked what the trouble was. Apparently the news had seemed too good to be true, and the little tots, wanting to make sure that the clothes would really be theirs, headed for home as fast as they could. Even the tempting promise of rare sweets and fruits was not sufficient to make them stay!

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS

The following is an excerpt from the letter of one of our very bright boys who, while in Holman Institute, did four classes in one year. He now has his B. A., and his ambition is to study in this country.

"I have realized my mistake of childhood. I was, no doubt, a determined enemy of Lord Christ Who gave His Life for the sins of others. But now I am truly penitent for the wrong I followed, due to my

religious convictions, which were false, and which are now open to me clearly. I was really in the dark, with the result I was like a blind man. Now my spiritual eyes are opened by the spiritual light of Lord Christ, our Saviour."

The following is an excerpt from a principal's letter concerning Rupan Lal, one of our old boys.

"Rupan Lal had a meeting in Ravli this evening, and he spoke with such power as I have not heard from trained preachers for many a day. He was a veritable John the Baptist. I sat there praising God in my heart all the time. I feel that the Lord may be wanting him for some special evangelistic work. If he keeps on, his influence will be felt over Agra."

This boy was a non-combatant clerk during the war, and did Christian work among the soldiers. He is now in full-time Christian work.

The following is from the letter of one of the four orphans whom I brought up.

"I think I will be discharged very soon, as the war is over, and I will have to face more difficulties in switching jobs in the civil, and you know the condition of Christian people in India. Wherever a Christian boy will go, he will have to face the difficulties, because everywhere there is question of Hindu and Mohammedan. These people dislike us. They do not want to see Christians in India. But I trust in God. He will help me, and I know that God will never leave us, and will give us a heart to face all kinds of troubles. There is no one to help Christians except God."

BIBBO

Bibbo belonged to a large family of the depressed classes. Her father was very poor, but a good man. This large family of brothers and sisters have all been educated except the oldest, who was married very young. Bibbo was the one chosen to present the address on a tray to the wife of the governor when she visited our school, and she bowed and backed away as though she were "to the manor born."

She studied to the eighth class in Holman Institute, then went into nurses' training. The following is an excerpt from one of her letters.

"I am very thankful for great and Almighty God that I have grown up and am able to write you. It was very wonderful when Miss Barry was telling me about, that you still remember me. I have finished my four years' nurses' training, and am planning to take further training. Now I am not a little girl, but have become a big girl, and a nurse, also.

"We are twenty-one nurses with two doctors, one to take care of the out-patients, and another for the in-patients. Now we have about sixty patients in the hospital."

Bhullan was a very fine boy while in Holman Institute. When he was sent away to high school he was a great comfort to the superintendent and was trusted with large sums of money for purchasing the books, etc., for the school.

When he was a very small boy in Holman Institute, he said to the teacher in first class, "I see the boys in your class get on faster than the boys in my class. I want you to take me in your class. I will pay for my education. I have twenty cents, and I will give it all to the school if you will take me in your class."

Another time when he was a very small boy he was sent to the Medical College with a very important letter. After awhile he came running back, breathless. "Miss Sahiba, could you write another letter? I was running, running, and when I got there I found I didn't have the letter in my hand! I don't know what happened— but could you write another letter?" Of course, the letter was written again, and a note made on it about the honesty of the child. The following are excerpts from a letter which he wrote me while he was in high school.

"I am glad to tell you that when I pray I feel very happy. He has given me His Spiritual power to overcome the evil deeds. I have a band of four boys who go to different villages Sunday, to preach the Gospel."

One day a small boy came to his teacher and said, "Make arrangements for my baptism right away." "Aren't you going to wait for your parents?"

"Oh! They won't come. They asked me if I were going to leave them, and I said, 'I am not going to wait for you, I am going to get the mansion that Jesus is preparing for me. He has one for you, too, if you will come, but I am not going to lose mine if you will not come.'"

One old boy wrote, during the war, "I am holding down a responsible and remunerative position which I could never have done if it hadn't been for your perseverance in sending me to school."

The following is a letter sent to me by one of my former students, Charles.

"My Dear Mother,

Your kind and appreciated letter reached me on the 9th inst., and I am delighted to learn that you are well. We are doing well here, by the grace of Almighty Father, and pray for you to be well and healthy. Thanks a lot for the dictionary which I received on the 5th inst. Indeed, mother, you have sent me a very helpful thing. The name of my late spiritual mother, Miss C. T. Holman, is written on its top, and when I think of her I become restless and it gives me an ache in my heart. She was very dear to me. I cannot forget her. We had a memorial service for Mother C. T. Holman in the Old Boys' Club, and during the service everyone's heart was full of grief and sorrow. May God give her an eternal rest and peace in His arms.

"Now I wish to write to you about the Old Boys' Club and its prayer meetings. Every Saturday night, (the day fixed by you) we have the prayer meeting in our Old Boys' Club. A lot of boys gathered together to improve our spiritual and social lives. We have nice, interesting and different subjects and topics, for which big people, laymen and other speakers, are invited to come and give us lessons, and they all gladly come and take much

interest in it. Sometimes we have magic lantern lessons on temperance, Christian families, brotherhood, and other social topics. Sometimes we do dramas. Every Saturday, two hours before the prayer meeting, we have games in front of the Old Boys' Club. We make quarterly programs for Saturday meetings and work accordingly. Since six years I am the president of the Old Boys' Club. Miss Justin is taking such an interest in the Old Boys. She wants them to be spiritual and active, and spread the Gospel among their own people.

"We offer our thanks to you for the Old Boys' Club. You have made such a nice and good arrangement that we may not be disconnected from our sweet and loving Holman Institute, but still have connection through this club. We are proud of our club as named "OLD BOYS' CLUB", and we request you not to remove this name, as this lovely name has got some meanings in it for us.

"I have got three children—boys—Vincent, six years, Ernest, four years, and Oscar, two years. Vincent can pray, can sing a lot of Hindustani Christian Hymns, and 'Oh, Come to My Heart, Lord Jesus' in English.

"I go to church every Sunday. Sometimes many responsibilities of the church are given to me, and I do them. I am a member of the Official Board and Finance Committee of the Church. Very often I go to the mohallas for preaching. Mary, my wife, goes to church with me. Nowadays I am teaching her Urdu.

"Mamma, all Agra people remember you very

much. You have done such a great deal of good and spiritual work that on each and every occasion you are remembered by all. The spiritual seed which you sowed here is now giving flowers and fruit. People have great regard in their hearts for you. They have given up their old lives, old customs, festivals, idolatry, non-Christian marriages, and all other bad habits. Men and women go to church in groups and groups. Most of the people of our area are actually changed and well advanced.

"Mother, one thing more I have to say, and that is to kindly have a memorial stone erected in the sweet memory of Mother Miss C. T. Holman, in the Old Boys' Club room. I hope that you will surely like this idea, and arrange for the same.

"Now I close this letter with my best salaams, regards, and good wishes to you. Well, mother, bye bye.

Your loving son,
(Signed) Charles."

Charles is on the staff of the Holman Institute, and Miss Justin writes that he is a great help in the office, in the school, in the church, and in the mohalla work. This is rather a long letter, but is typical of the Christian families that have been started in Holman Institute.

Charles has been president of the Old Boys' Club for twelve years, and he was instrumental in getting a church, once used by the British soldiers for their parade services, for the Christians in that area, three miles from the central Methodist church. That

church is filled to capacity by the families of the Holman Institute families, and their parents.

There has also been a primary school started in that church building, supported by the Charlotte Holman Memorial Fund. Miss Justin has also started another primary school in Taj Ganj. with one teacher, supported by the same fund. She is hoping that the day will come when they will be able to build a church there. Who knows but God, in His Infinite mercy, Who saw the tears and heard the prayers of dear Charlotte when she received the news that the work had to be abandoned in the place where she had worked so hard, especially in Kash Ganj, will raise up someone to build a church to her memory, where it is very much needed.

EXCERPT FROM THE GUEST BOOK

"I was lucky to have my first teaching experience in Holman Institute. I spent two and a half years here, and enjoyed teaching these poor children. Though they are poor, yet they are happy and full of life. I always found them ambitious, alert, honest and hard-working. They take a keen interest in Bible study. Our principal, who is like a mother to the children and the staff, is doing a wonderful, praise-worthy work. She is putting her life and soul into the uplifting of these children, so that they might win India for Christ. I have no words to express my gratitude for the Bible teaching she gave

us, and for other functions which kept us very busy and happy. I shall always remember this school in my prayers. May God pour out His Divine blessings richly upon it, so that it may prosper under all circumstances."

(Signed) Viola Dhar

Teacher at Holman Institute

The second unit was opened by the governor of the United Provinces, Sir Henry Haig, and was dedicated by Bishop Robinson, of the American Methodist Mission. The following statements are taken from a newspaper report of the governor's speech.

"His Excellency said, in part, that he was pleased to be acquainted with the Holman Institute, which occupied a unique position among the Agra schools.

"Miss Holman had been appointed by the American Methodist Mission to establish a school for the poorest districts, and it was her desire and aim that the Institute should become not merely a place where knowledge was acquired, but where character might be formed; a place whence a student from the poorest classes could be sent into the world, self-reliant and self supporting.

"It was due to the devotion and far-seeing idealism of Miss Holman and her sister that this school has been founded, and the buildings had been provided almost entirely through the personal efforts of Miss Holman amongst her friends in the United States. The school was a monument to the devoted work of these two ladies, but it is far more than a

monument. It is a living and practical expression of their spirit of love towards the poorest people.

"The initial difficulties had been many, but it had gradually become evident what the needs of the children were. It did not seem expedient to limit instruction to a blackboard and a copybook. The environment from which the children came, and to which they must return, determined the scope of the teaching. It had been recognized at this Institute that the needs of these children were practical, and special emphasis had therefore been laid upon such handicrafts as making of rugs, soap, and newarh.

"The governor was glad to learn that, as a result of their training, those who left the school often obtained employment in places where only the best artisans were taken.

"Another of Miss Holman's wishes was that the Institute should maintain close contact with former students. Realization of that hope, also, was at hand, for there was a club room provided in which old boys might meet regularly.

"Concluding, His Excellency observed that the Holman Institute was something to be proud of, and it was the earnest hope of all that Miss Holman, who was compelled to leave India last March on account of ill-health, might return and see once more the Institute for which she worked with such steadfast purpose."

A TRIBUTE TO THE
FOLLOWING MISSIONARIES

To repeat Bishop Warne's statement, "This school must endure because it has been founded on prayer." As we look back over the years that have passed since I left the school, we praise and give thanks to God for the work that Miss Gertrude Richards did in finishing the building and carrying out plans that had been made for the work, almost to the letter. Miss Emma Warner did a remarkable work, and during the war it was very, very difficult because of the shortage of everything, and dearth of food. She did a wonderful work for the American soldiers when they were in Agra. I wish there were space to write up some of the letters I received from chaplains who had written about the work, and giving her personal praise.

Now the school is going on under the leadership of Miss Catherine Justin, in leaps and bounds. We started it for the depressed classes, but now, technically there are no depressed classes, as caste is not lawful by the new government. At the present time, with all our buildings, we need another one immediately to take care of the children who want to come to Holman Institute. There are, on the present roll of the school, almost seven hundred children, and a great many on the waiting list. We praise God for the wonderful work that Miss Justin is doing, and for the strength she seems to have. We are all given unusual strength on the mission field.

The school has had a large place in taking care of refugees, and we pray that someone soon may be stirred up to give the extra building that is needed. As prayer and faith have erected the present buildings and brought the school thus far, He is not a God to leave us now, but will perfect that which concerneth Him.

November 3, 1949

Bishop Pickett writes:

"Holman Institute, in the city of the exquisite and incomparable Taj Mahal, is an institution worthy in every sense of its location. It was conceived in sacrificial love and has been nurtured by the devoted services of a succession of notable Christian educators. The constituency for which the institution was started and which it has regarded consistently as its first obligation, is composed of some hundreds of very needy, poor, under-fed, and oppressed victims of the Hindu caste system, to whom the Christian message of the abiding love of God for all of His children has brought hope and courage.

It always inspires me to visit this institution and also to go into the homes of ex-students and see how different they are because of the influence of the school. Readers in distant lands can hardly imagine the enrichment of personality that comes when a man learns to think of himself as beloved of God, redeemed by grace, and commissioned to serve.

I wish, for the sake of the India of the future, that many more schools of the type of Holman Institute may be developed and also that this model

might be further expanded and improved. Here is an institution, the influence of which is already felt in many other cities and towns. It is hoped that this book may not only instruct its readers but may inspire them to do exploits for God."

AGRA—A BEACON LIGHT

That phrase of my prayer in that little church, when I first went to India, "May Agra be a beacon light to all the world . . ." was indeed the Spirit praying, for it has been more than answered. The world has come to Agra. Tourists from every country on the globe, in visiting the Taj Mahal, have also visited Holman Institute, and have written back, "What we would have missed if we had not seen your school." Several have become missionaries after their visit to Agra. On one occasion a very bright young school girl, visiting us with her parents, in a measure disappointed them by not being more enthusiastic over the Taj Mahal. Her father said to her, "Well, what *did* interest you most in Agra?" "The thing that impressed me most in Agra was the night I sat on the floor with Miss Holman's teachers in their drawing room, and heard the prayers and testimonies of those Indian girls. That was more to me than the Taj."

Another friend wrote back, "I have not decided in

my mind which gave me the greatest thrill, the Taj Mahal or your school."

Dr. Daniel Hutchinson wrote the following in the Guest Book:

"You are sowing the seeds of Christian character which will make a New India, a nation resting on the only permanent foundation, Jesus Christ. The size and beauty of this house 'buildded on a rock' will amaze even you who are building the foundation. May nothing hinder this great work."

SUMMARY

Many church people have been asking how the political situation would affect the Christian missionary work. What has been said relative to the change in government personnel may also be said concerning Christian work. For years the church has been giving leadership to qualified nationals. This applies to the teachers and executives in the missionary education field as well as in other phases of missionary endeavor. We know that if all missionaries were withdrawn the church would still go on.

The leadership in the church is now overwhelmingly Indian. In the Methodist conferences there are two Indian bishops. Three-fourths of the district superintendents are Indian. Head mistresses and head masters of schools are largely Indian, as well as a considerable number of Indian preachers

and evangelists. In our Methodist annual conferences the membership is at least four-fifths Indian, as compared with foreign missionaries; also we now have strong bodies of laymen and laywomen in the conferences.

There is a big place and need for continued missionary support and help. More educational and medical institutions are still needed. In respect to the problems of missionary work in this and other needy lands, one of the very pressing needs—yes, perhaps the most pressing — is the need of workers. There are hundreds and thousands needed if we are to be true to Christ and His commission to us. Missionaries are needed as trained colleagues, helpers of Indian workers in all fields. There are hundreds and even thousands of villages that have not yet been reached with the Christian Gospel.

I have related the preceding chapters with the hope that young Christians in Christian countries might be led to dedicate a life to the service of Christ in foreign countries. Pray the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest, that the Word of God may be spread throughout the world.

“For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek, for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him; for whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in Whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they

preach except they be sent? As it is written, how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things." (Romans 10:12-15)

* * * * *

Holman Institute is being carried on under the Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Methodist Church. Head Office: 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Part II
NEW INDIA

NEW INDIA

WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT

The eyes of the world are now on New India. Many who have labored there looked forward to the time when India would come into her full inheritance of peace and freedom. That day is near. The Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in April and May of 1949 has made official the recognition of India as "a sovereign independent Republic—and that means every type of internal and external freedom." (Nehru, 2 May) While India still has many problems to solve she has progressed far on the road to peace and freedom under the tutelage of Great Britain. After having lived over thirty years in British India I find it impossible to overlook what God hath wrought in the period of one hundred and seventy-five years of British influence. In my opinion, India was not conquered by the British, but a kind Providence ruled that she should fall into their hands instead of other countries that bid high for her.

While some Indians ask, "What have the British done for the country from which they have drawn so much wealth? What have they done for the Indians?", the fact remains that even now the Republic has asked for new imports of venture capi-

tal. This plea was made in recognition of the contributions which Britain made even while becoming rich. Much more might have been accomplished had it not been for the caste system, and because of the immense difficulty of administration over large and backward areas.

BRITISH STATESMANSHIP AND INDIA

God granted to India some of the greatest statesmen who ever lived. At the very beginning of British rule in India, one of the statesmen said, in part: "The day will come when India will want home rule. It is our duty now to educate these people in preparation for that time, and I, for one, will rejoice to see that day as soon as it may be possible."

GOVERNMENT TRANSFERRED TO INDIANS

The greatest adjustment was made when the transfer came from British rule to Indian independence. It must have been a tremendous task, with one body of administrators leaving and another taking over. The answer is that there was very little change and adjustment noticed or needed. It was simply a matter of a few British officials leaving their places, and the large body of Indian officials carrying on who were already trained and in

their posts in every department and grade. In every district and province this majority of administrators, executives and officials were Indians. There were also the elected legislative bodies in existence, and working effectively. These all carried on as before, and developed further, while the few British retired. They are now continuing many plans that were initiated before the change came, such as irrigation, agriculture, education, social, judicial, political, industrial, and matters of international importance. Independence and self-government had been prepared for by the training and preparation of all these officials.

We who have worked in India rejoice that the present Indian government has taken over, and declared as its policy for the country the principles of liberty of conscience and the freedom of worship.

This coincides very well with Queen Victoria's proclamation, by an Act of Parliament in 1858, which reads:

"We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects, and these obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfill, firmly relying on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion. It is further our will that, as far as may be, our subjects of whatsoever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to office in our service for the duties for which they may be qualified by their education, ability and integrity duly to discharge."

After a backward look at what God has wrought for India in the past, we must take it for a pledge of what He is able to do for India in the future. It might be helpful to consider some of the miracles that have been wrought. Although Britain did not build tombs and palaces, mosques and gardens, as did former rulers, she did things which bettered the country and lifted the poor.

One of the very early achievements was sweeping out the robber hordes from the sea, making the Indian waters as safe as the English Channel. The unsettled frontier of the eighteenth century meant that sixty thousand square miles of borderland was abandoned to jungle and wild beasts, not because there were no people to cultivate the soil, but because they did not dare to do so. The security given by a century of British rule in these frontier districts measured thirteen thousand square miles brought under the plow, giving each year eighteen million sterling worth of produce.

The present Indian government is able to continue this extension, and is bringing more of these areas into cultivation, as well as carrying forward government irrigation schemes begun by the former government.

I like to recall the saying, "Where formerly the roar of the tiger broke the stillness of the sleeping jungle, the busy hum can be heard of the multitude reaping the golden grain."

IRRIGATION WORKS

"In the year 1817 old irrigation canals were restored, and new ones were constructed. The Ganges canals are the greast irrigation works in the world. At one place the canal has to be carried by an aqueduct over the bed of a river two miles wide. The length of the main channels exceeds one thousand miles, and there are more than five thousand miles of distributaries. In one year of drought the value of the crops raised by the canal equaled the entire cost. Three canals distribute in a similar way a great part of the water brought by the Jumna from the Himalayas.

"In 1901 canals irrigated 15,104,520 acres, while the total area irrigated amounted to 30,056,000 acres, equal to 47,000 square miles. This does not cover all the canals. Besides this, much irrigation is done by wells and tanks. Loans were given for well-digging and other agricultural improvements."

There is a big irrigation scheme for Orissa that will redeem many square miles of jungle for cultivation. Another is in North Bihar. Schemes in the Punjab also are being extended. With these will go electrification of many rural areas, and power for industrial enterprises.

Again, in such areas as the Kumaon and Garhwal, schemes of electrification are being developed by means of dams and channels that will give irrigation to large jungle areas and provide electric power to be carried over the hills to all towns and

villages. These are typical things started and planned all over the country by the British government before handing over, and now being further developed by the present government.

India has the largest irrigation system in the world, on which the government has spent over \$400,000,000. The area under irrigation in British India alone (excluding the Indian states) is 53,730,000 acres, over twenty-two times the acreage irrigated under United States Federal projects.

The value of the produce of an acre of irrigated land is about thrice that of non-irrigated land. This shows how much agricultural produce has increased.

ROADS

When British rule commenced in India, there was not a single good road in the country. For years attention was so taken up with other things that road-making was neglected. During the administration of Lord William Bentinck the Grand Trunk Road to Delhi was commenced, which was afterward extended to Peshawar, a distance of 1423 miles. The principal cities have been linked together with a network gradually covering the whole country.

BRIDGES

Formerly there were very few good bridges, and rivers had mostly to be forded or crossed over in boats. Many accidents happened to ferry boats, and in seasons of flood great rivers were sometimes impassable. Now rivers like the Ganges, Jumna and Indus have splendid bridges.

TELEGRAPHS

Telegraphs in India were commenced in 1851. In addition to giving employment to a great many Indians, by the year 1901 they yielded an immense profit.

WATER SYSTEM

A pure water system is another advantage. In Agra we have a good example of this because the waterworks are regularly and officially examined. Up to this time the river, which was the main source of supply to thousands of people, was not only the receptacle of ordinary filth, it was the graveyard of the city. Thousands of corpses were thrown into it every year. Now an abundant supply of pure water is available. Bad water was one of the chief causes of cholera.

RAILROADS

The railroads were commenced under Lord Dalhousie. He planned the great lines which were afterwards constructed. The first railway was opened in 1853. Indian railways are of three classes. The passenger trains have four classes, first, second, inter and third. It was a great joy to me to see so many of the poor people having a chance to travel. In former times the rich traveled on ponies and ox carts, but the poor had to walk, and oftentimes perished on the way if the journey was long. A wise government provided a third class whereby the poor could travel very cheaply. Many times I have ridden with them, and it was gratifying to realize that the poorest could travel just as fast as the richest, in their cushioned compartments.

Railroads became of great advantage in times of famine. When there were no railroads, grain would be rotting in one part of the country, while people were dying of starvation in another. It took about three months to bring an ox-cartload of grain, whereas the railroads do it in twenty-four hours. The railways also gave employment to thousands of Indians. At first the drivers, of necessity, were Europeans, but now the railroads are staffed by Indians, and earn a substantial, surplus profit.

At tremendous cost the British have had to build up from the very foundations the structure of a civilized government. Public buildings, such as schools, hospitals, jails, courthouses, and barracks

have cost the government approximately one hundred million sterling.

Sir William Hunter imagines an Indian of the 18th Century restored to life and wandering about the country. He would see the country dotted with imposing edifices in a strange form of architecture, of which he could not guess the uses. He would ask, "What wealthy prince has raised himself that spacious edifice?" He would then be told that the building was no pleasure-house for the rich, but a hospital for the poor. Upon inquiring, "In honor of what new deity is this splendid shrine?", the answer would be that it was no new temple to the gods, but a school for the people.

PLAGUE

Plague broke out in Bombay in 1896. Professor Haffkins discovered a remedy somewhat like vaccination. It has been the means of saving many lives, and is called plague inoculation. Physicians were sent every year to inoculate the people free of charge. During my two years in a Methodist Girls' School in Ajmere the bubonic plague was very bad in that city. One of our former students, whose husband had died of plague, came back to the school. She had the plague, but did not tell us. However, to be safe we segregated her. Upon examination she was sent to the isolation camp where she was taken care of, and recovered. We reported at

once to the English civil surgeon, who came to the school and, with his own hands, inoculated two hundred girls and teachers.

HOSPITALS

There are thousands of hospitals and dispensaries scattered all over India, which contribute much toward the decrease in disease.

The Lady Dufferin hospitals for women are very fine. The Maharani of Poona was cured of a very painful disease by a European woman doctor. Dr. Swain sent a message to the Queen-Empress, requesting that means might be taken to relieve the suffering of the women of India. When Lady Dufferin went to India in 1884 with Lord Dufferin, the Queen-Empress commissioned her to devise some remedy. She took up the work very enthusiastically, and hospitals were established for women and children, under the care of trained female nurses. What a blessing it was to the mission work when we were able to send our poor children and their families to the government hospital.

QUININE

Malaria fever was a scourge to the people of India. In spite of the fact that quinine was very expensive, the British government provided this treatment free to the poor. An officer was sent to South

America to bring back some of the plants yielding this medicine, and a skilled European was engaged for its manufacture in such large quantities that it was sold in many post offices for one cent a package.

TEA INDUSTRY

The tea industry was initiated in 1834 under Lord William Bentick. Plants and seed were brought from China and widely distributed throughout the country. Waste lands were brought under cultivation, giving employment to a great many poor people. One tea garden I visited, in the Himalaya Mountains, employed two thousand workers.

We have only to take a glance into the past to prove the growing wealth and prosperity during Britain's influence in India. For example, take the three great cities, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras.

Calcutta had three mud hamlets scarcely raised above the slime of the river, without any trade whatsoever, at the time the British took over. In 1820 there was twelve million sterling sea-borne trade. In 1879 it had risen to sixty-one and a quarter million sterling, besides forty-five millions of trade with the interior, making a total commerce of over one hundred and six million sterling a year.

In 1661 the Island of Bombay was occupied by only a few fishermen. Today it has a crowded population and magnificent buildings. It was at one time the greatest commercial city in Asia.

It has been said, "There is more accumulated wealth held by Indians in these two cities, Calcutta and Bombay, than all the treasures of the Imperial and local courts under the Mogul Empire."

The following short summary is from THE TIMES, Oct. 30, 1897:

"We found India a mass of all Oriental abuses, open to invasion from without, so torn by incessant civil wars from within, divided into a multitude of weak states with shifting boundaries and evanescent dynasties. Creed fought with creed, and race with race. Corruption, oppression and cruelty were rampant on all sides, and they had borne their evil harvest. Pestilence and famine devastated the land at brief intervals with a thoroughness which it is not easy to conceive in these days. Life and property were everywhere insecure, and, while misgovernment weighed heavily upon all classes, it bore, as it always does bear, upon the poor and the ignorant with the most crushing weight.

"We have given India, for the first time in her annals, security from foreign enemies. For the first time we have established and retained peace and order within her frontiers. All sorts and conditions of men, from the great feudatories of the Imperial Crown to the peasant and the outcast, hold and enjoy their rights under the inviolable provisions of a just and intelligent system of law. The hatreds and prejudices of hostile peoples, and of conflicting religions, are curbed by a strong and impartial administration. A humane, enlightened and absolutely pure system of government has succeeded to the su-

preme power once grossly misused by generations of native despots; and if those who direct it spend their energies and their health, and not infrequently their lives, in the service of the Indian peoples, they have at least the supreme gratification of seeing around them the work of their hands."

Sir Madhava Row's opinion of British rule in India has been quoted. To this may be added that of a Dewan of Travancore:

"We live under the mildest, the most enlightened, the most powerful of modern government. We enjoy to a high degree the rights of personal security and personal liberty, and the right of private property; the dwelling of the humblest and the meanest subject may be said to be now as much his castle as that of the proud Englishman in his native land. No man is any longer, by reason of his wealth, or of his rank, so high as to be above the reach of all. None, on the other hand, is so poor and insignificant as to be beyond its protection. In less than a short century anarchy and confusion have been replaced by order and good government as if by the wand of a magician, and the country has started on a career of intellectual, moral and material advancement, of which nobody can foresee the end. Whatever may be the shortcomings of government (and perfection is not vouchsafed to human institutions or human efforts) in the unselfish and sincere desire which animates them to promote the welfare of millions committed to their care; in the high view they take of their obligations and responsibilities as rulers; in the desire they show at

all times to study the feelings and sentiments of the people and carry them along with them in all important measures, and in the spirit of benevolence which underlies all their actions, the British Indian government stands without an equal."

It was under such a government that the seed of desire for home rule was produced. While India was asking for freedom, she was really enjoying it, in a measure, as trained Indian officers were in their places and ready to take over. Ten out of every eleven judges are Indians.

In 1885 the Indian National Congress was founded by a British civil servant, Allan Octavian Hume, with the blessing of the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin. One of the greatest benefits was the substitution of English for Sanskrit and Persian in government colleges. There are about twenty-four different languages, each spoken by a million or more persons in India, but the only language common to educated Indians is English. This was a great advantage also in trade and commerce. A tourist can travel all over India speaking the English language.

EDUCATION

Perhaps the greatest blessing which God hath wrought for the people of India, especially the poor, is the system of popular education. "In the past, education in India was a monopoly in the hands of the priests. In ancient India a Brahmin was for-

bidden, on pain of death, to teach the sacred books to the masses. Under British influence the state schools offered instruction to everyone."

Nothing could more clearly exemplify the contrast between the conditions preceding British rule in India and the present, than the following comments taken from the guest book of Holman Institute:

"This morning as I drove along the city streets of Agra I saw beautiful girls and boys following herds of cows and buffalos, and with their little bare hands, picking up the fresh droppings of the animals to put in the baskets carried on their heads. Later I came to Holman Institute and saw the children from the same lowly class, who are having the benefit of Christian education, and it has been a most inspiring revelation to me to see how bright they are, and how eager to learn, and what really good progress they have made. They showed a degree of independence and individual thinking which reflects great credit on the fine teachers who are assisting them to learn. The Holman sisters will receive their reward in Heaven, for they are not working for earthly reward."

(Signed) An American Teacher

A missionary from China opened my eyes to the benefits of having the British government in India, by telling me how much easier it was for us to do our missionary work with the British government behind us than it was for them in China.

A TRIBUTE TO THE WORK OF BRITISH OFFICIALS

I cannot help but stress the commendation given C. Rajagopalachari, Governor-General, speaking in Madras on the 25th of August, 1947. His Excellency said: "The Governor of Madras has come from a distant place. He has no natural obligation to slave for people. We used to think it gave them pleasure to serve in our country in the high jobs. We have also seen the very great phenomenon of how, with great pleasure, they cease to hold office.

Such marvelous examples of detachment have been placed before us by the British officials, who have laid down their positions of power and authority with the same pleasure in which they took up those very same positions. That is really what is called detachment, and yoga, in our Bhagavat Gita. It is not the transference of power that will ultimately benefit us, but the example of their conduct."

WOMEN

A tribute was also made to the wives of British officials, when the Governor-General spoke of their part of social service. Lady Nye, wife of the governor of Madras, had done a great amount of work. "They assumed a share in the obligations of their husbands."

In reference to what was said about wives of officials, I recall many similar incidents which deserve notice. For example, one lady, in buying articles from a common pottery, said to the potter, "Why don't you make something beautiful?" Instantly he answered, "Well, show us how to do it." This official's wife spent a great deal of time helping these men with designs and ideas until beautiful pieces were created and carried by tourists to various parts of the world.

I recall with pleasure how, on one occasion, the head British official in the station and his wife had taken their time on Christmas morning to call at the mission with gifts of money, sweets, fruits and cakes. These were to be used as a Christmas treat for the pupils and teachers.

Unforgettable is the time when Mrs. Parker began to teach women to read, in a place where there is now a fine college for women. Men sneered and asked, "Are you going to teach our cows to read, also?" Now, however, thousands of women who have graduated from the Isabella Thoburn College are taking important positions in educational institutions all over India. Many have studied medicine and some are in charge of large hospitals for women.

Today women have the vote in all India, and several years ago there were two women in the legislative assembly, and about sixty more in Provincial legislature. Indian women have also held ministerial and administrative positions.

"As a result of the recent order opening all

Government services to women, a number of them are beginning to fill executive posts. Two women are sheriffs and one is a Magistrate in Delhi." (Government of India—Information Services)

A few things have been mentioned out of the many achievements. The report, "One Year of Independence" is a memorial to British influence in that country, and reveals how wisely and faithfully during the one hundred and seventy-five years she has brought into existence the amazing state of affairs as shown in the report of 1947-48. Britain can well be proud of what she has done for India during her rule. She has left India on her feet and ready to take over in all departments with well-trained, efficient people, and with an annual national income which far outweighs her public debt.

One hundred and seventy-five years is a long period, but what a long step India has taken since the beginning in the matter of self-defense, as shown by the following quotations from "Government of India Information Services":

"Compulsory national service was introduced in June, 1940, to meet the wartime demand for skilled labor. This system has operated with maximum co-operation from the workers. From 50,000 to 60,000 are trained annually under a Government plan.

"New industries are being developed in India. Machine tools, formerly imported, are now being made by over one hundred firms. A heavy chemical industry is being developed, and India now makes 65% of her medical supplies.

"All shipyards in India are working to capacity

building corvettes, minesweepers and patrol-boats vital for anti-submarine warfare. A number of these vessels are fitted with Indian-made engines. Over 4,000 ships were repaired in Indian shipyards between 1939 and 1942.

"Postwar reconstruction plans are being made for economic and social development. Official committees are planning for the demobilization and resettlement of soldiers, the expansion of industries, irrigation and hydroelectric systems, and the improvement of roads and agriculture. A program of educational reform has already been submitted, and a committee on medicine and public health began an extensive survey on October 26, 1943."

May the banner of love and friendship of the King of kings wave over India and Great Britain. Truly, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." With bowed heads and consecrated hearts we breathe a prayer to the Maker of history, in praise and thanksgiving for what God hath wrought.

NEW INDIA UNITED

It give me pleasure as a missionary to think back to the days when Queen Victoria took over India, and I recall the saying of a wise statesman, "It is our duty to make this country one." That was then, and is yet, a difficult task because of the vast differ-

ences in religions, languages, customs and castes. India can be made one people only through Christ. The only hope for India is the peace that Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, gives.

When Queen Victoria was asked by one of her Indian subjects what the secret of England's greatness was, she pointed to the open Bible. "That is the secret of England's greatness."

Brigadier General F. D. Frost, C. B. E., wrote: "On one occasion when I was out shooting, I was hailed in excellent English by a Brahmin. He had been educated at Forest College, India, and said that he had never been to England, nor had he met an Englishman before. I asked, 'How do you keep up your English?' He answered, 'I read aloud out of the Bible to myself twice a day.' 'What do you make of the Bible?' 'I have come to the conclusion that the sooner all other religions are burned, the better. The only hope of the world is the Bible. There would then be no war, no sedition in India, and we should all be living in peace and love with one another.' I said, 'You must be a Christian.' The reply was, 'I worship the Lord Jesus Christ, and teach the people about Him, but I am not a Christian because I have never been baptized. I have never met a Christian.' "

Listen to the great American statesman, Daniel Webster, who said, "If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering and to prosper; but if we and our posterity neglect its instruction and authority, no man can tell

how sudden a disaster may overwhelm us, and bury all our glory in profound obscurity."

Another thinker has said, "Spiritual illiteracy is a forerunner of moral bankruptcy and national decay."

Standing on the roof of our house one Sunday afternoon, during the time of communal riots, we could overlook a ward where the fighting was most intense. We heard the cries of the wounded and dying, the yells of those whose hearts were filled with hate and murder. Looking off in the opposite direction we could see the inimitable Taj Mahal, standing there in all its whiteness and splendour—a monument to human love. Between the two rose the tower of the Methodist Episcopal church, a monument of Christian love and sacrifice. We came down from the roof with our hearts breaking in sympathy for our fellowmen. A little later the congregation was assembled in the church for the evening worship. It was a very impressive service. While bowed in prayer, we were conscious of the fact that only Christ can change hate to love, and give continual peace where hatred rules supreme.

On Good Friday morning we were not only conscious of this fact, but confident, as we looked into the faces of three hundred boys and girls—our school children—seated in our church. They inspired us with a stronger hope for India. This group of Christian school children from Holman Institute, whose parents represented twelve different castes, including Hindus and Mohammedans, were all on friendly terms with one another. These children

understand the meaning of Good Friday and the story of the Cross.

To illustrate this, I have in mind two men who knelt at the altar together, partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. One was a Brahmin convert, the other a Mohammedan convert; out of Christ, as far apart as the East is from the West, but now brothers in Christian fellowship. When this Mohammedan convert decided to be baptized, he said, "I would like to be baptized in the church, but I have no clothes fit to wear." This man was one who wore European clothes, so we offered to get him some. That afternoon I wrote a note to the wife of the headmaster of the government high school, who was the above-named Brahmin convert, and a devout Christian. I asked his wife if they could help me out with a suit of clothes. She sent not only a suit of clothes, but a complete outfit, even to the shoes. It so happened that these two men knelt side by side at the communion rail on Sunday—the giver and the recipient—but neither was aware of the fact.

We have often been asked, "What would happen to the Christians if the British withdrew." We rejoice that the present Indian government has taken over, and declared as its policy for the country the principles of conscience and the freedom of worship.

This coincides with Queen Victoria's proclamation, by an act of Parliament in 1858, as quoted under "Government Transferred to Indians."

The British Constitution was framed after the

law of Moses, the first-known written law. This code of laws has never been surpassed throughout the ages. Queen Victoria must have studied her Bible very deeply and wisely, as the laws of God were not only seen in her government, but in her own personal Christian life, as she went from the highest to the lowest of her subjects. I was very much interested in a story which was told to me by someone who knew a good deal about the habits and deeds of Queen Victoria. It seems she had a favorite summer home where she loved to go and mingle with the people of the village in Cowes, England. One day while having a cup of tea with one of the villagers, a niece of the hostess came in and was introduced to the Queen. During the conversation the Queen said, "Are you saved?" "No, I am not," was the reply. After a little more explanation the Queen knelt in prayer with this girl and brought her to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. The young lady said afterwards, "I have sung many times, 'God Save the Queen', but little did I ever think that the Queen would pray that God would save my soul."

The more we study God's Word the better we can think His thoughts and put into practice His teachings. Where can we find, outside the Books of Moses, such tender laws? Nothing brings to my mind the personality of God more than to read the Levitical Laws. God's hatred of sin was shown in His great severity and punishment of it, to stamp it out. He made a wonderful provision for the forgiveness of sin. In the Old Testament He says, "If My people

which are called by My Name shall humble themselves and pray and seek My face and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and heal their land." (II Chron. 7:14)

God's hatred of sin, as well as His tender Love, is shown by the unspeakable gift of His only begotten Son, that whosoever accepted Him should not perish, but have eternal life. Then His Word tells us, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (I John 1:9)

The personality of God was always very real to me, but the study of His laws in Deuteronomy brings Him very near to me as a loving Heavenly Father, willing to do anything for His obedient children. This study shows His hatred of sin; His love for righteousness and judgment; His great sympathy and thoughtfulness for the poor, for the widow, for the orphan, for the stranger, for justice between man and man, protection for the poor relatives, for the sinner, and yes, even for the animals. But God is no respecter of persons. Disobedience to His laws will bring punishment. The promises to those who obey Him are incomprehensible, but the curse to the disobedient is just as great, without reservation, for nation or individual.

John Ruskin said, "It is strange that of all the pieces of the Bible that my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm—has now become, of all, the most precious

to me in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God."

Hosea said, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." In India the people are hungry for the Bible. Every year in Passion Week the sale of Scripture portions and Bibles is increasing. My car has been stopped by a policeman on his beat to ask for a Bible, or portion of the Scriptures, only to be told, "All sold." I remember once, while on tour, one man, after hearing our talks on Scripture, walked ten miles and forded three rivers to come to our camp for a Bible, only to hear the disappointing reply, "None left. Not one Bible." Missionaries are asking for more Bibles.

There is no liberty where there is no good law. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8:36) God was working through the one hundred and seventy-five years of British rule for India's freedom, not from the yoke of bondage of British influence, but from the yoke of bondage of the "wicked one", the bondage of caste, idol worship and oppression of the poor. God was influencing and educating India to the beauty of the truth. If the ruling powers of India will crown Jesus King of kings, and Lord of lords, this oneness which is found only through accepting Jesus Christ, will be realized. The imminence of His coming to take over the government of the world makes this a more serious issue now than at any time in the history of India.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels; and I will

spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not." (Malachi 3:17,18)

A058530

THEOLOGY LIBRARY
CLAREMONT, CALIF.